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AL
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CONTEMPLATIO

Mortis,
&
Immortalitatis.

The third Impreſſion much
inlarged.



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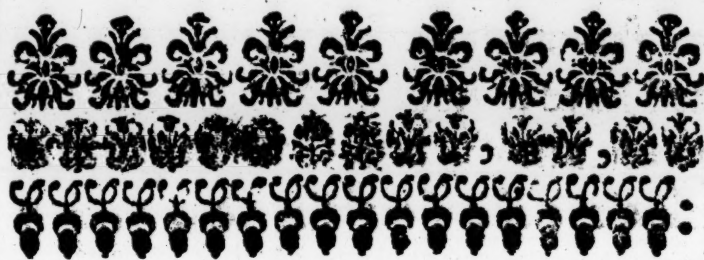
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CONTEMPLATIO
MORTIS,
ET
IMMORTALITATIS.

PHILOSOPHERS,
STATESMEN, and
DIVINES doe all
hold, that in this
world there are but
tria genera vite; una est ACTIVA,
altera CONTEMPLATIVA,
tertia VOLUPTUARIA.

Which of these is best, *Quæ-
ritur.*

*Actio Contemplationis expers, is
vita impolita; Contemplation, if it
take up all a mans time, makes vi-
tam sterilem.*

*Voluptuaria vita, though it bee
not otiosa, because it is in actu, yet it
is but desidia occupatio.*

Amongst these, who so tries all, as I have done, shall find, that action profits most, but Contemplation pleases best: specially that which indebts a man to action. Other Contemplations have *generationem longam, fruitionem brevem*, are so much in thinking, as they seldome come to enjoying; alwayes in conceit, never in act.

Man was not made for contemplation onely, his part is to doe as well as understand: In earthly things to be an actor, of heavenly things to be a Spectator. Therefore his felicity consists neither in rest nor action, but in a fit mixture of both.

The Counsellor saith, A Statesman should be thus repartited; his will to God, his love to his master, his heart to his Countrey, his secret to his friend, his time to businesse.

It is true, retirednesse is more safe than businesse; *Periclitatur enim anima in negotiis*. And yet the lesse
you

you doe, the more you suffer. But as he is not happy that is alwayes busie ; So a publique man should not alwaies be shut up in thoughts pleasing his life in the sweetnesse of thinking.

True Contemplation hates idle Speculation. To be alwayes, or never alone, is idlenesse. But

The delight of thoughts, and vertue of Contemplation lyes in the right choyce of a good subject to contemplate : For every knowing man is so inquisitive by nature, and of so busie a fancy, as in this it is happy for him to fall upon that subject which is fittest for him.

Some ancient Fathers, and some late Writers have fixed upon the love of God ; Some upon the passion of Christ ; Some upon the joyes of heaven ; some upon contempt of the world ; severall others upon divers other subjects ; All opining, that some one is to be chosen. For who so will *vivere*

sibi, must *vacare Deo*. And a wise man saith, *Sapientia scribenda est in Tempore otii*; *Qui minoratur aetna*, He cannot tend it.

Ego in meo solito recessu à negotiis publicis vacans, (which was but seldom) found it fruitfull, usefull, and delightfull,

Cogitare de Novissimo.

Quatuor sunt Novissima, say the Fathers; Heaven and Hell, Death and Judgement.

All subjects large enough.

But considering I had passed so much imployment, so many offices, so long practice in severall professions, (as every publike man is owing his abilities, cares and yeares to the service of his master.) I now thought it time to seize on death before it seized on me.

After long Meditation this I found, that when Meditation had begot-

begotten devotion, then it applied it selfe to contemplation, which required a settlement upon some Divine Object.

And what more heavenly than the thought of Immortality? what so necessary as the thought of death? Herein therefore I complied with my owne desires, and made choyce of Death and Immortality for the subject of my Contemplation.

Meditation, I saw, was but a reiterated thought, proper to production of good or evill; but Divines doe well dedicate Contemplation to holy Mysteries onely.

We meditate to know God, we contemplate to love God: when God himselfe had seene the things created in severall pieces, he said, They were good:

But when hee considered the universe, as it were in Contemplation, then he said, Loe, they were exceeding good. For Meditation considers her objects piece by

piece, but Contemplation summes them all together, and sees, as in a glasse, all the severall beauties of Meditations Objects.

Meditation is with a man, as hee that smells the Violet, the Rose, the Jessamie, and the Orenge flowers dividually. (My Meditations of the Lord are sweet of themselves, saith *David*) but Contemplation is a water compounded of them all.

This is more elegantly denoted in the *Canticles*, where the Spouse plaits up her haire, trussing it up in one knot, to shew that wee should not diffuse our thoughts into variety of considerations, but recollect them into one by Contemplation. Herewith a mans soule being once affected, hardly shall hee obtaine leave of his thoughts to returne againe to imployments.

Et ne ego multis occupatus, mihi met ipsi manerem incognitus: (for the old word is a true one) nil prosunt

profunt lecta nec intellecta, nisi teipsum legas & intelligas.

I therefore applyed my selfe
ad meum Novissimum, What man liveth, and shall not see death? And if after death, *Iustus vix salvabitur*, wee may well be fearefull, and had need be carefull that wee bee not taken unprepared.

Ite imparati in paratum,
Will one day bee a dolefull saying.

When I was a young man, saith *Seneca*, my care was to live well, I then practised *Artem bene vivendi*. When age came upon mee, I then studied *Artem bene moriendi*; how to dye well.

It is true, *Iter vite occupatis non apparet nisi in fine*. Yet when I was *occupatissimus*, *hoc me dulci oblectabam solitum*, *aliquando me victurum mihi*; hoping to have sweet leifure to enjoy my selfe at last.

And this I am now come to.

Disponendo, non mutando me.

The covenant of the grave is shewed to no man, saith the Wise-man, but the watch-word is given to all men.

Sint lumbi praeincti,

Lucernæ ardentes,

Semper vigilantes.

Lord, let mee be found in this posture, when I shall be to dye.

In the courses of my life I have had interchanges ; the world it selfe stands upon vicissitudes : *Adversis & Prosperis contexit Deus vitam meam* : When I first tooke me to a gowne, I put on this thought, *fortunam ut togam appeto, non longam sed concinnam*, Fit for my condition ; finding by others, that a contented kinde of obscurity kept a man free from envy : although any kinde of superiority be a marke of Envy ; yet not to bee so high, as to provoke an ill eye, nor so low

low as to be trodden on, was the height of my ambition. But I must confesse I have since had a greater portion of the worlds favour, than I looked for: *Attamen ego nunquam fortune credidi, etiamsi videretur pacem agere.*

To check repining at those above me, I alwayes looked at those below mee; Nor did any preferments so delight me, or abuse mee, as to make mee neglect preparing for my dying day.

And now, I thanke God, I can say,

Domine, paratum est cor meum.

This I have considered, That, *Guttatim per horas & dies fluit vita:* And although the houre bee not past till all the glasse bee runne,

Et nemo multum ex Stillicidio potest perdere;

Yet the glasse then runnes most faintly,

faintly, when it drawes nearest to effluxion. Carefull *Martha* was full busie about many things, but was well advised; There was only *unum necessarium* :

One thing have I desired of the Lord, that I may dwell in his house for ever.

This was *David's unum*, and, God willing, shall be mine.

Physicians exclaime, *Vita brevis, Ars longa* : But Divines teach, *Ars optima est, vivendo discere artem bene moriendi.*

If this be to be begunne when *præ foribus mors est*, Then the Sinicke Soule will say, *Infelix ego homo, quis me liberabit à corpore mortis hujus!* But if thou hast learned it betimes, it will then rejoyce to say,

Mihi vivere Christus est, & mori lucrum :

Welcome death more blessed than my birth.

I have ever thought the right way to dye well, was, to live well : And the way to live well in the world, was to dye betimes to the world.

Mibi Mundus Crucifixus, & ego Mundo, yet I found it *Rem difficilem in mundo vivere, & mundi bona contemnere.* Therefore for assistance I took to mee these three Coadjutors, *Faith, Hope, Charity; Caritatem ex Corde puro, Spem ex conscientia bona, Fidem non fictam:* And for my soules health often used this preparative,

Examen Conscientiae meae.

Nam quicumque cordi habet salutem suam, let him every day, *Manè & vespere,* examine his heart, *quid, nocte vel die precedente,* Hath hee thought, Hath hee said, Hath hee done, *Et in quo peccati labem invenerit,* let him mend it, *cum proposito efficaci, simili non peccare.*

This

This, if it be done daily, I dare boldly say, *Vix fieri poterit ut quis moriendo peccet, aut peccando moriatur.*

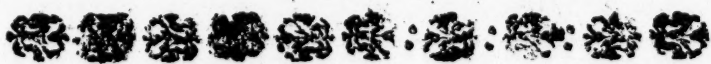
Inter these thoughts, I had these things in Contemplation.

1. First, what Death was, and the kindes of Death.

2. Secondly, what feares or joyes Death brings.

3. Thirdly, when Death is to be prepared for, and how.

4. Fourthly, Death approaching, what our last thoughts should be.



Of these things I thus resolved,

THAT DEATH was but a fall which came by a fall. Our first framed father *Adam* falling, in him

him wee all fell. It was not the man, but mankinde. *Cecidimus omnes*, saith S. Bernard, *super acerbam lapidem in luto, unde inquinati & vulnerati sumus*. Therefore we needed water in Baptisme to wash us, Bloud in the Eucharist to heale us. Natures perfection caught a fall when shee was young, as *Mephibosheth* did, whereof she hath halted ever since.

This falling sicknesse infected not onely the person, but the nature, (such is the infection of evill, alwayes worse than the act) making man, that was immortall, subject to death.

Hen tristis & lacrymosa mutatio !

Notwithstanding, as wee now stand, the fault is ours, if that fall bee not our rise ; The advantage wee have by *Christ* being more than the losse wee had by *Adam*. Man that had cause to sorrow that he was man, may now be
holily

holily proud of his condition;
and as hee is in Christ, not to
change the Man for the Angell.

Proud Nature would faine re-
aspire to that it was. *Ideò qui stat,*
videat ne cadat. For relapse may
turne us againe to be as Birds and
Beasts, who have no joy but being,
no sorrow but dying. Mans bet-
ter being is by dying; for when
man had made himselfe miserable
by sinning, Mercy made us mor-
tall; *Ne in æternum essemus miferi.*
Therefore wee have reason to ac-
count Mercy, as it releeves mise-
ry, to bee the best vertue, though
it worke upon the worst object.

Misericordia vicina est miserie.



What Death is.

IF wee consider Death aright,
It is but a departed breath from
dead earth, inliver'd at first by breath
c s ft

cast upon it. *Mors Tinea est*, saith Job; *ex veste oritur Tinea, ex corpore mors.*

It is but a point of time interjected betwixt two extremes; A parenthesis, which interposed breakes no sense, when the words meet againe. When *Seneca* was asked, *Quid est mors?* he answered, *Aut finis est, aut transitus.* The Emperour *Adrian* was told, *Mors est eternus somnus, divitum pavor, pauperum desiderium.* *Plato* said it was, *lex nature, tributum mortalium.* One tearmes it to be but the cessation of the Soules functions. O, saith Saint *Austine*, that I could see Death, not as it was, but as thou, Lord, hast now made it! As it hath the dominion of sinne, it is the greatest Monarch, and the ancientest King of the world. *Death* hath reigned from *Adam* to *Moses*, saith Saint *Paul*, yet at last this King shall bee conquered, *The last enemy to be destroyed, is death.* O Death, I will bee thy death, saith Christ.

The



The nature of Death.

WHat is the nature of it, few know, though all shal feele it. But that must needs be nothing that hath no cause efficient, but deficient: *Post mortem nihil est, ipsaque mors nihil.* It hath no essence, it is no substance, but privation; no creature, but *creaturarum sepultura.* Therefore curiously to search the efficient of it, were to labour the eye to see darknesse. God made it not, saith the booke of *Wisedome*, nor is it mentioned as any of his *worker*. God that made all things, saw that all things which he had made were good. *Omne ens bonum, & omne bonum est ens.* Therefore good Saint *Augustine* said finely, Lord, thou hast not made death; wherefore, I beseech thee, suffer not that which thou hast not made, to reigne over that which thou hast made.

made. Yet it is no error to say, that man made death for Curiosity (the itch of mans soule) affecting to know that which God never made (which was the evill of death) thinking it had bin good to know evill, by desiring to know it, made it. *Malum non dignoscitur nisi per bonum.*

He that knew all other things, knew not this one thing, that hee knew enough. But so divine a thing is knowledge, (which is not given to keepe, but to impart) that we see Innocency it selfe was ambitious of it.

Life did not content (that was thought but the act of knowledge) knowledge was the life the soule looked at. And that as yet begets a studious scrutiny to discover things wee can never know. By which we see, that although nature her selfe be moderate in her desires, yet conceit is unsatiabie : nevertheless, no man knowes so much but it is through ignorance that he

he doth so ill; *nam nemo sciens malus*, and as one saith well, there is now no feare of knowing too much, but there is much feare of practising too little. Since God hath revealed more than wee can know, enough to make us happy, let us learne sober knowledge, and contented ignorance. Knowledge and Power are the naturall mans God; but know thy selfe, O man, and then be proud if thou canst.



The Author of Death.

WHo then was the Author of Death? *Sol in cælo, Sal in terra*: the two great regents, one in Heaven, the other on earth, yet neither of these produced it: who ever was the Father of it, Sinne was the mother; for saith Saint James, *Sinne being finished*, travaileth in child-birth like a mother to bring forth Death. Adam falling,
Sinne

Sinne followes him. Man being tempted, Death attempts him, and by Sinne death enters.

Good S. *Augustine* puts the Devil this question, *Satan, quare invidisti homini stanti, te cadente ?* Death had no interest in man till sinne had dispossessed him of the freehold he had in God. *There was no trust in Gods servants*, saith *Eliphaz*, but even Angels were charged with folly.

Therefore doe the Devill right, he did but perswade, not compell : it was in mans choyce to stand or fall.

Adam acceperat posse quod vellet, non velle quod posset. Nos accepimus & posse quod volumus, & velle quod possumus ; Ille posse non mori, nos non posse mori. Sic Augustinus.

Power of standing, man had from God, but possibility of falling from himselfe. Therefore though wee may thanke our first parents for our birth, sinne ; yet wee may thanke our selves for improving

improving it. Wherefore the old *Letanie* said well, *A me salva me, Domine.*

All mans vertues were given him but in trust, and under a condition; hee abused the trust, and brake the condition, so incurred the penalty. Such is mans nature, ever subject to extremitie, either dull in want, or wanton in fruition. *Ne moriemini* was a faire warning, but he cared not for it. With men counsels are like faces, that which is faire, pleaseth. But had the minde governed the eye, the Apple could not have beguiled, though it was faire to looke to. The proud aspiring thought was hatcht in man, The Divell was the promooter, Sinne was the author, and we being partners in the sinne, shared in the punishment. *Facinus, quos inquinat, equat.*

Sith then Death by sinne stole in at the window; (for the eye, that sense of love, alwaies recoyles upon the heart, when it beholds
that

that which is pleasing) or rather at the eare, which is apt to listen to ill counsell;

Let us cast out sinne by the eares, the sense of faith, in harkening to Gods Word, the Word of life, the life of Death.



The name of Death.

FOr the name of Death, Saint John calls it a sleepe : *Amicus noster Lazarus dormit.* Of Saint Stephen it was said, *When hee had thus spoken, he slept.* The Patriarks and Kings of Judah are said to sleepe with their Fathers. *Man, saith Job, lyeth downe and riseth not.* Hee shall not bee awaked out of his sleepe till the heavens bee no more. *Transitum ad vitam aliqui appellant mortem,* saith S. Bernard. *Sed ideo scriptura dormientes appellat, ut evigilatuos minimè desperemus :* He is not dead, saith David, but

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but sleepeth, whose flesh doth rest in hope.

Death is but a dormitory for a day. Saint Pauls mystery is, *Wee shall not all sleepe, but we shall all be changed.* The night favours of mortality, and sleepe, that *Mors brevis*, is but the shadow of death; and where the shadow is, the body cannot bee farre off; *Umbra fugi sequentem, sequitur fugientem. Acquiritur terra procumbentibus.*

Well said Saint Augustine, *In vita vigilant justi, ideo in morte dicuntur dormire.*

When God made a helper unto man, hee sent a sleepe upon him. *Somnium egrotantium, ut novimus, salutis est indicium.* It is Christs saying, If he sleepe he shall doe well.

But let it be *Mors à morſu* which our first parents tasted, or *Mors à mora*, which yet tarries for us all, let her be stiled Lady, Mistresse of the world, that will not bee courted, nor yet cast off: Yet is shee

the but *vox tantum*, a thing next to nothing, *solo timenda sono.*

Better is it called a transfiguration, or transmigration, from life by death to life againe : *Exitus, non Transitus ; Transitus quem ire non intelleximus, transisse sentimus.*

The Grave is but a with-drawing roome to retire in for a while, a going to bed to take rest sweeter than sleepe. And when it is time to rise, *Cum expergiscar, Then shall I bee satisfied,* saith the Prophet David.



Death common to all.

IN the meane time it is common to all. *Mors etiam saxis nominibusque venit.* All men must pay this debt to Nature, though they cannot pay their creditours : and it is a favour afforded by Nature, *Quod gravissimum fecit, fecit commune ; ut crudelitatem fati consola-*

retur equalitas. Who lives and shall not see death?

The Fathers have eaten Manna, and are dead. Nay, even Christ himselfe, being found in fashion as a man, humbled himselfe, and became obedient to death. It is as naturall to dye, as to be borne; yet when we say a man dyes naturally, we speak improperly; for a man dyes not as a beast, *per annihilationem Naturæ*, but *per statutum*; *Statutum est omnibus semel mori*: Disease and Death know no faces. It is the municipall Law of the earth, to dye once; of Heaven, to live ever; of Hell, to dye for ever. *Orimur, Morimur*: Like *Jonas* Gourd, wee come in a night, and are gone in a night: We come into the world with a sheet about us, no sooner borne, but going to bee buried. *Seneca* sayes truly, wee are borne crying, we live laughing, and dye sighing.

For all this man is even with Death. *Nunquam enim magnis ingeniis*

geniis chara in corpore mora est: The good soule egrè fert has angustias. Therefore what great thing doth death in hastening dayes? This shewes infirmitie, rather than power. Age doth more; Nil enim non longa demolitur vetustas; Death onely shortens time, not life: for lifes time shortens by lengthening. Morimur, quod mortibus vivimus: morieris, non quia egrotas, sed quia vivis.

But this all men are to know,
That *Mortis meritum* is *Peccati debitum*; both imposed on man for sinne.



Life but a dying Death.

Sith then it is a statute made in Heaven, *Omni*bus *semel mori*, and that life is so momentany, death so certaine; *Splendens licet, Heu quàm cito frangimur, corpora vitrea!* Man, saith the Prophet Je-

remy, fades like a leafe, and finne like a wind takes him away. Since life it selfe is no true living, but a dying being, and such a being as every day pants for breath, which Nature fannes upon it for a while : And since death is no death, but a going unto Heaven, and Heavens comming unto us, *abitus non obitus* : How can a man but thinke it a well-spent life, alwayes to bee meditating upon Death ?

But, saith Zenophon, *Cur vitam contemnendam putas, & habes ?* I will not enquire, nor require more of Death but Death. *Erras enim qui interrogas, Quid sit mors, & propter quod mortem petam ? Queris enim aliquid supra summum.*

Life



Life after Death.

BUT if a man dye, shall he live
Bagaine ? yes, saith Saint Paul,
We that are in this Tabernacle, sigh,
and are burthened, because wee would
not be unclothed, but clothed upon, that
mortality might be swallowed up of
life.

Phoenix sponte crematur;

*Ut redeat, proprioque solet pubescere
letbo.*

Sic tu corpus coactum.

*Discere, mutata melior procede fi-
gura.*

The brightest dayes dye into
dark nights, but rise againe a mor-
nings : Though the body sleepe a
while in dust, yet shall it rise again

after thy likenesse. The soule which departed for a season, shall, as S. Paul said of Onesimus, come againe, and be received for ever. The graine cast into the earth, after a frost-biting, comes up the fairer. That body which was sowne a naturall body, shall rise a Spirituall. Sow in teares, reape in joy. Who so goe forth weeping, carrying precious seed, shall returne with joy, and bring their sheaves with them.

Thus we see God will be in no mans debt: Seeke God, and prosper.

Yet for all this, *Caro ista pulueris*, this clod of earth must lye awhile in dust, *Sed resurget tandem*, as a *Queenes daughter*, all glorious within. For if in this life holinesse maketh the face of a man to shine, by an irradiation from the heart, what shall be the beauty of the body glorified! surely though it be not deified, yet shall it be purified, perfected, and immortalized; *Our vile bodies shall be changed, and fashioned*

fashioned like his glorious body. Such Glory have all his Saints.

If then the change be such, who would not bee willing, yea, glad to dye ? *All the dayes of mine appointed time, saith Job, I will watch till my changing shall come.*

Nil minus est hominis occupati, quam vivere ; Quos autem felicitas gravat, exclamant illi, Mihi vivere non licet. It is a good minde in a man, to bee content to dye, and willing to live : But to bewilling to dye, and content to live, is the mind of a strong Christian.

Diligimus mortem pariter, pariterque timemus :

Ipsè metus te noster amat.



Death desirable for three respects.

WHen the Senatour Cato was asked a question concerning

ning death, *Si Deus (inquit ille) mihi largiatur, ut repuerascam, valde recusem : nec tum me vixisse pœnitet, quia bene vixi ; nec timeo mori, quia ex hospitio, non domo, discedam.*

Could wee as innocently wish our owne death, as the Saints doe the day of Judgement, wee might safely desire it (for who can blame the desire of advantage ?) But ill circumstances vitiate our desires ; collaterall respects to our owne ease, as to bee rid of troubles, freed of griefes, discontentments, and the like, these commonly beget such a wish in us.

It is the saying of the Preacher, *Death is not to be sought in the error of youth, yet for some respects it may be desired.*

Portus est aliquando petendus, nunquam recusandus.

1. As first, that so we may be-times leave off to sinne : Since sin lives in us, and leaves us not till death. *Dixit Socrates, Appropinquante morte, multo es divinior : If*
the

the soules under the Altar cry, *Usque quo, Domine?* If they solícite for the day of Judgement, why not I for my day of Death, since death's day is but the Eve of Gods day?

2. Secondly, the soule that soone departs, *faciliùs ad superos iter facit, quia minus facis ponderisque traxit.* And what's the distance 'twixt life and death? So little, as with the Antients, the Embleme of life was *oculus apertus*; *Mortis, clausus, non extinctus: nec plus interesse putaverunt inter mortem & vitam, quam ictum oculi.* Man is only a wink of life, his life and death joyned as neere as joy and grieve; where teares (the limbecke of the Heart) expresse both.

3. Thirdly, that so wee might the sooner come to live indeed, be in *Patria*, where now wee are but in *via*. Present life is not *vita*, *sed via ad vitam.* For which cause, saith Saint Bernard, *precipitat quisque vitam suam, futuri desiderio laborat, presentium tædio.*

Yet it is a wonder to see how wee love the present, and lesse esteeme the future.

Men doe commonly say, There is *nullum tempus præter nunc* ; let that bee true in time, yet it holds not in Divinity ; For man must chiefly mind his soule. The present is not that which contents the soule ; *Nimis angustat gaudia, qui præsentibus acquiescit* : They are onely creatures of inferiour nature, that are pleased with the present. Man is a future creature, the eye of his soule looks beyond this life ; *Scrutatur quod ultra mundum. Futura & præterita illum delectant ; Hæc expectatione, Illa recordatione.*

Who so feeles not a desire in his soule of something beyond this life, is not settled in the point of immortality of the Soule : for in every supernaturall man there is imprinted an undeterminable desire of more than present life can yeeld. Therefore we doe not determine our contentment in things

things present, but expect future things, more and greater than here we are capable of.

Speranti grandia, mediocria sunt ingrata.



The Soules excellency.

BUt what is this Soule that so delights in futures? Though it be shapelesse and immateriall, yet it would make a man heavenly proud to contemplate of how divine a nature, quality and essence it is! *Deificatur Anima*, If thee be considered in her essentiality: *Secundum formam est Deus, secundum materiam est Anima*, saith Saint Bernard. Her amative vertues unite her to God, all vertues else to her. Therefore saith Saint Ambrose, *Quàm pulchra es, O Anima, peccata destruendo? Pulchrior mundum contemplando? Pulcherrima Deo amorose adherendo?*

Shee

Shee partakes of the good which is in God, which the body doth not, but by participation with the soule ;

Faciamus hominem ad similitudinem nostram.

The body, though it have the honour to be companion with the soule, yet it is but her drudge : Christians say of the soule, thats the man ; the body is but the case : Heathens could say, The soule was *divine particula aurea*. Some will have it, *a spirit mixt of Fire & Aire*; Others, *a self-moving number* ; Seneca saith, *Quid aliud est anima quam Deus in corpore humano hospitans ?* Never any could give it such a definition, that either another, or himselfe could conceive it. And no wonder, for it selfe cannot conceive the owne self-excellency, because it suffered a composure before it selfe was. It was the life of breath that gave it

it the breath of life : Therefore admiration rather than search, becomes a man in such a secret : yet so good is God to man, that wherein we cannot reach him, hee commonly descends to us. *Tully* said, *Mihi quidem nunquam persuaderi potuit, animas, dum in corporibus essent mortalibus, vivere; cum exissent ex iis, emori.* *Saint Bernard* saith better, *Anima non exuit formam nativam, sed superinduit peregrinam; illa addita, ista non perdit.* And yet this spirituall essence of the soule was therefore clogged with an earthy body, that it should not grow proud, as those Angels did that tell.

Let me ever worship the great God of this little god, my soule,
Et ne plus ultra.

Onely this I know, that to no creature else God hath given a reasonable soule : of creatures, the lowest ranke have no life, the next no essence, the third no reason ; none but man hath grace ; nor is there

there hope in any creature else but man, which hope is given him for the sustentation of his soule. *Anima enim non est instar Camaleontis, ut pascatur vento,* it cannot bee fed with fancies, nor all the favours of the world. She is ~~it~~ *a generosa*, as nothing but that *summum bonum* will satisfie her.

Hee that contemplates these things, will beare himselfe too loftily, and thinke himselfe too good to looke so low as to these sublu-
nary things.

Angustus est animus quem terrena delectant.

How then can this beauty bee pleased to inhabite long *conuersione isto*? Bring my soule out of Prison, saith David, that I may praise thee.

Non sum ubi nunc sum, saith the Soule.

As for the body, all it cares, is
but

but sepulture : for although the carkasse bee insensible of any posture or position, yet honest sepulture is a blessing. That body which had the honour to bee the Temple of such a guest as the Holy Ghost, deserves this favour.

But because many times the houses of the dead, and the urned bones doe meet with foule hands, for this also Nature hath provided, *Ut diserte ait Mæneas, Nec tumulum quero.*

Sepelit natura relictos.

It is one of the petitions of every good soule,

Adveniat Regnum tuum, Thy kingdome come, O Lord ; yet saith Saint Austine, Hoc nitimur & relinamur. Quis non gemens, quis non recusans exit ? Quis cum accesserit, non tergiversatur, timet, plorat ?

Mans

*Mans crosse Nature.*

IN all things else observe how
 contrarily we carry our selves;
 The labourer from his worke ha-
 stens to his bed; The Mariner rowes
 hard to gaine the Port, The Tra-
 veller is glad when hee is within
 kenning of his Inne; yet wee,
 when death comes to put us into
 our port, shun it as a Rocke, wee
 feare what wee should wish, and
 wish that we should feare.

*O fortunatiorem Marcellum, eo
 tempore quo exilium suum Bruto ap-
 probavit, quàm quo Populo Romano
 Consulatum.*

*Mans better choyce.*

HEare O Christian, what the
 Pagan saith,

Quid

*Quid nī non timeat qui mori
sperat ?*

It is harder to make a true Philosopher patient of life, than of death.

*Hic spe mortis patienter dolet,
Et tædio doloris libenter moritur :*

*Hunc fert, illam expectat.
Sed expectata, mors tardè venit.*

Therefore said Saint Paul, I am in a straight betwixt two, whether to live in the flesh were profitable for me, and which to chuse, I wot not. Yet at last resolved, Live or dye, Christ was to him advantage : Therefore to be loosed and to be with Christ, was best of all.

Till then, God grant,
That I may have *vitam in patientia*, *mortem verò in desiderio*.

So shall I fulfill my course with joy ; Life not deare, nor Death grievous.

Life



Life and Death compared.

IN elder times, both wise men,
 great men, and vaine men, had
 death in such estimation, and so
 undervalued life, as they fondly
 said, Had man beene worthy to
 know what life was, before hee
 received it, hee would have beene
 loth to accept it. *Nemo vitam ac-*
ciperet, si daretur scientibus. Life
 would have kept us in slavery, but
 that death freed us. The Heathen
 gods held death to be mans *sum-*
um bonum. Therefore *Trophonius*,
 when hee had built and dedicated
 that goodly Temple at *Delphos*, as-
 ked of *Apollo* for his recompence,
 that thing which was best for man;
 The Oracle bade him goe home,
 and within three dayes hee should
 have it, within which time he died.
 They counted death but the re-
 trait of life, *Optimum naturæ in-*
ventum :

ventum: For by it every man might make himselfe happy, no man bee longer miserable than hee will, *Placetne vita? vive: non placet? licet eo reverti unde venisti.* They thought no state miserable, but that which death could not remedy: wherefore, say they, A wise man lives but so long as he should, not so long as he can.

If death were not in our power, wee should desire it more than now we feare it; *Photion* in *Athens* being condemned to dye, the Executioner refused to doe his office, unlesse hee had twelve *Drackmas* paid him in hand: *Photion* *ne mora fieret morti*, borrowed it of a friend, and gave it him.

Quemadmodum Athenis, inquit, ne mori gratis licet. Magistra rerum Ratio taught them, that common safety lay in death, *Et invitum qui servat, idem facit occidenti.* Life was subject to many fortunes; *Sed in eo qui scit mori, nil posse fortunam.* This made them cherish these

these desperate conceits, *nil referre, faciatne finem an recipiat*; Thinking it bravery to use mischief for a remedy. Though life be not, yet death is at a mans command; *Mors nihil aliud est quam velle*, in which respect no man could complaine of life, *Quia neminem tenet*. If any man did complaine, this was their wish, *Mors utinam pavidos vitæ subducere nolleret, Sed virtus hanc sola daret*. In scorne some said, *Ego ne expectem, vel morbi crudelitatem, vel hominis, cum possim medio exire tormento & adversa discutere* & But their bravest conceit was worse, that it was *genus mortis generosum*, for a man to bee author of his owne death. If it be permitted to desire death, why is it ill to give it to themselves. *Sed furor est, ne moriare, mori*.

To maintaine by reason, as well as courage, this was their assertion. Death was naturall, therefore welcome any way, *vivere noluit, qui*

qui mori non vult : He is sorry that he was a man, that is not glad to dye. It is inevitable, therefore we must be resolute. *Feras, non culpes, quod vitari non potest*. Fooles flie it, old men attend it, wise men wish it. Nay, some so prided themselves in this way, that for care, feare, or grieve, they would not dye : *Non inferam mihi manus propter dolorem*, nor yet for feare : *Stultum est timore mortis mori* : nor yet through threats of torments : *Sic mori vinci est*. Sed si ceperat suspecta esse fortuna, si multa occurrebant, molesta, tranquillitatem turbantia ; Then it was fortitude to dispatch them, how, or with what, it mattered not :

Scalpello aperitur ad illam magnam libertatem via, & puncto securitas constat, said Seneca when he bled to death.

Cato will dye, because the Common-wealth declined : Nerva, because

because the lawes were not kept :
Salvianus, because hee would not
 live at the mercy of his enemy :
Lucretia to cover a dishonour :
 Thus may folly doe that which
 Nature cannot defend.

But where are *these Disputers of
 the world*, saith Saint Paul ? Others
 thought death was to be expected
 till Nature called for it, or Justice
 tooke it : For defence of a mans
 Countrey, Lawes, or Religion,
 men might *ponere animas suas* ; but
 not for ostentation, or in discontentment.

Bona res est mori sua morte.

Yet some will dye for wanton-
 nesse, if they want their wils.

Life was given to manage to the
 utmost. Having but the use of our
 lives, wee are bound to husband
 them to the best advantage.

Every one is here set Centinel,
 and not to leave the place till his
 Captaine call him off.

Non

*Non est optima quæ placet, sed
quæ decet.*

That death was best, which
was well recollected, quietly suf-
fering what it could not possibly
prevent.

*Fortiter ille facit, qui miser esse po-
test.*

It is not enough to dye with a
Roman courage, nor to bee as re-
solute as *Cato*, who told *Cæsar*, hee
feared his pardon more than the
paine he threatned; nor yet that
the cause of death bee just; but
it must be also necessary, unsought,
inevitable.

But let goe this discourse, my
Contemplation lyes another way.

Onely this let me say, Divines
need not be ashamed to weare the
Jewels and the Eare-rings of E-
gyptians: they are in many things
so full of lustre, and so excellent.

Man in this world lives by ap-
pointment,

pointment, and God for his owne purposes makes life sweet, and death terrible. Many there are that feare not so much to be dead, as to dye. *Affidue variatur Homo per ad-versa & prospera, & nescit quando moriatur.*

To labour not to dye, is labour in vaine. To live without feare of death, is to dye living : *Secura vita est mare mortuum.* Mordecai said to *Hester*, Canst thou be so vainly timorous, as to dye for feare of death?

This let a wise man doe, *Quod necesse est ne timeat ; Quod incertum est, semper expectat.* But hee neither feares nor feeles death, that hath his hopes in heaven.

Seeke not consolation against death, but let death be thy consolation ; Comforter is his Name : In death there is comfort against death. *Mortem optare malum, timere pejus :* But to make death easie, looke through death at glory, thinke not so much of death, as
of

of the glory that followes it : at the work, *Mors non aufert vitam, sed in melius transfert* ; life gives way to death, and makes way for it. If it be sharpe for the time, *Puer es si maioris manere infans, quam medicinam sustinere amaram* ; A man will easily swallow a bitter pill to gaine health. The Physician helps us not without paine, and yet wee reward him for it. *Job* saith of Death, from six troubles it delivereth, & in *septima*, that is at point of death, *non tanger te malum*. Weeping may endure for a night, but joy commeth in the morning. Fit your selfe for it, and you will never feare it ; doe by it as you doe in other things ; when you would goe to sleepe, you put off your cloathes, you draw the Curtaines, put out the Candle, and goe to bed : Thus as it were acting sleep, before you goe to sleep : so ad-dresse your selfe to death, and then as a Father saith,

Erit somnus dilectis initium refrigerii.

Scala Montis, Janua vite, Ingressus in Tabernaculum.

Bring your self acquainted with death, that when it comes you may entertaine it, *non ut hostis, sed ut hospes*; not as a foe, but as a friend; not as a stranger, but as a guest that you had long looked for; and bid welcome death more blessed than your birth.

Thus did *Salomon* upon his Throne, extoll his Coffin above his Crowne. What a grieve then is it to see great men in these daies build houses of that strength and state, as if they should alwayes live, and yet so live, as if they had but mortall soules? *Patres veteres habitabant in cavernis; Cain vero edificavit civitatem in terra, sed perdidit Caelum. Idwell in Cedars, but Gods Arke remaines under Curtaines, was Davids grieve.*

It is good counsell: *Effice mortem*

*tem tibi familiarem, ut possis cum
sors tulerit, illi letus & alacriter ob-
viam exire.* Though death be ter-
rible, yet innocency is bold.

As the thought of death daunts
an ill liver; So it makes a good
man, *Humilior, & autior, & cordatior*:
Yet doe not as the Duelists and
Gallants of the time doe, goe into
the field to seeke death, and find
Honour: Swift *Asahel*, had hee
gone but slowly, might have o-
vertaken death, but he runnes to
fetch it: So doe Combatants in
these dayes, *Ubi infelix victoria
cum victor succumbit vitio: nam aut
morieris pro homicidio, aut vivis ho-
micida*: Nor doe not as the Wits
of the time doe, put a scorne up-
on death; and to bee accounted
good company, dare abuse God,
despite death, and talke prophane-
ly; yet no man for offending
good fellowship, must reprove
them: To be bitterly witty in in-
vectives, pleases; and to have brain
enough to be a *Tymon*, seems a

lolly thing: but in these cases saith Saint *Augustine*, it is a fault not to find fault, *Nam quemadmodum malus sermo ducit in peccatum, sic silentium relinquit in peccato*; A man may bee mannerly in the forme, but must bee round in the matter; For a friend cannot make a more improvement of his friendship, than by a round reproofe of his friend upon such an occasion.

One saith well, Sinne doth ill in the eye, but worse in the tongue: I know not, saith another, whether the maintenance of the least evill, be not worse than the commission of the greatest, for this may be of frailty, that argues obstinacy. Likewise prophane speeches how sharpe soever are ever hateful to a good eare; wherefore play not the wanton with *beuten*, take no part with wit against godlinesse; such aire poysons goodnesse, brings sadnesse at the last.

Seneca observing that ill men
in

in their conversation, and good men in their prayers made overbold with God, gave this counsell, So deale with men as if God saw thee; so speake to God, as if men heard thee: But say the good fellowes of the world, *Offendatur Deus ne contristetur amicus*, Let us enjoy our selves; to what else serves the fulnesse of our fortunes? but he counsels better that saith, *Temperanda est felicitas mundi meditatione mortis, ut vinum aqua dilutum*, such an allay prosperity requires.

To this end good *Ioseph* built his Sepulchre in his garden, and some *Philosophers* had their graves alwayes open before their gates, that going out and comming in, they might alwayes thinke of death: For in life they found comforts to bee rare, crosses frequent, pleasures momentany, pains permanent.

In this world wee are all *Benoni-
nies,*

nies, the sonnes of sorrow; the way to heaven, is by weeping-crosse. The Calendar tells us, wee come not to Ascension day, till the passion weeke be past.

*Hi motus animorum atque hæc
certaminatanta,
Pulveris exigui jactu compressa
quiescunt.*

It is observed that most of other creatures live long, but dying perish all to nothing; Man that is shortlived, yet he dying, lives eternally: Thinke but of this, and you will thinke as Saint Bernard did, that life were little better than hell, were it not for the hope of heaven.

Surely Christ would not have dyed, but that we may dye in safety; hee by death in death, delivered us from death.

And did Christ die for me, that I might live with him? I will not therefore desire to live long from him.

him. Who would not goe out of himselfe to goe to God?

It is a token of little love to God, to bee loth to goe to God. All men goe willingly to see him whom they love. Our brother *Joseph* liveth; therefore though with *Jacob* I cannot say, I will goe see him before I dye; Yet, Lord let me dye, that I may see him whom my soule loveth; living I cannot, but dying I shall.

The danger is, lest difficulties and delights hinder our resolutions: Difficulties should not; For since *Adams* fall none passes unto Paradise, but by burning Seraphins. We cannot goe out of Egypt, but through the Red Sea. Those children of Israel before they came to Hierusalem, tooke in their way the valley of Teares, and crossed the swift river Jordan, before they came to the sweet waters of Siloam. Pleasures may hinder: For even that good Saint *Austin* was once of the minde, that hee

would not leave present pleasures for future hopes ; but afterwards said with sorrow, *Pudeat vivere in delitiis, cum Christus vixit in periculis*. Prosperous fortunes many times hinder a cheerfull dying, but this petulant world must be left : Conscience of sinne must not bee exchanged for the sense of pleasure. The Holy man exclames, *O quam multi sunt qui mundum damnant, & tamen pauci relinquunt*. Every sense about us, upon the least temptation, is a traitour to the soule. The body it selfe, if you set too high a price upon it, will make a cheape soule. *Magna corporis cura, magna mentis incuria* : A man may be as happy in Russet as in Tissue, and he is an unhappy man whose outside is his best side ; vile is Nature in her best dresse. A spruce Roman, riding on a leane Jade, was asked by the Cenfor his reason ; he answered, *Ego curo me- ipsum, Statius verò equum* ; I looke to my selfe, but my man to my horse.

horse. So vaine men looke to their bodies, look who list to his soule. *Dominam ancillare & ancillam dominare abusio est*, saith *Stella*.

Also high fortunes lead men to strange fashions ; but if wee would be of the Court of heaven, wee must fashion our selves as the Countrey-man doth , who when hee comes to Court, soone shakes off his clownish tricks , and gets a civill behaviour : *Mundum cum suis frivolis*, a good man must contemne.

If you would live well, live in awe of all eyes, and especially take heed where you live, for the very place of pleasure is dangerous ; In Paradise *Adam* could not be innocent, but out of Paradise he was a good man. *Adam* was set upon in Paradise, *Job* on the dunghill ; yet *Job* was *fortior in stercore, quam Adam in Paradiso* ; Wee are no *Dauids* now adayes, therefore let us not be too venturous : *David* when hee had seene

the magnificency and state of Court, yet thought never the worse of his retired life, but loved his hooke the better: And when afterwards hee came from keeping Sheepe to bee a Shepherd of men, hee changed his state without change of his disposition: but this is not our condition now adayes; wee are more for our sheepe than our soules. Judge not of things by the face of things, for life and death have deceivable vizards; under the faire face of life lurkes griefe, under the foule feature of Death (which is but fancy) lyes felicity; Take off the maske and you will change your minde; loath that you loved, and love that you loathed.

*Vita habitu casto cū non sit casta,
videtur:*

*Mors præter cultum nil meretricis
habet.*

The



The kinds of Death.

THe kinds of Death as of life are two ; one bodily, the other Spirituall :

Bodily life is the conjunction of body and soule, bodily death is the separation of body and soule. And as a godly man hath three degrees of life, The first in this life when Christ lives in him ; The second, when his body returnes to earth, and his soule to God that gave it ; The third at the end of the world when body and soule re-united shall enjoy heaven :

So likewise a wicked man hath three degrees of death ; Dead in sinne while hee lives, Dead in soule when he dyes ; Dead in body and soule, when both shall bee adjudged and condemned.

Malis fit mors sine morte,

Finis

*Finis sine fine.**Defectus sine Defectu.**Quia mors vivit, finis semper incipit
& deficere defectus nescit.**Fredome by Death.*

THe fredomes wee have by
Death are many.

1 First from all worldly Injuries. Here good men doe but live and suffer; *Bene agere, & male pati*, thats their portion; Sufferings are greater trials than actions, but they prepare to happinesse: It is good for me that I have beene afflicted, saith *David*.

Non sentire mala, non esset homini; non ferre, non esset viri. But what are momentany afflictions to an eternall weight of glory?

2 Secondly, it ends all: Misery is a privative good, putting a period

riod to all ill: Man in misery, saith
Job, longs for Death, and digs for it,
 more than treasure; *Mors finis est,*
non pœna: nay, saith one, *Nec finis*
nec pœna; *bonis lex est, non pœna pe-*
rire. It is another *Moses* unto man,
 delivering him out of bondage
 and making Bricke in Egypt.

It ends sins, not life; it reforms,
 but doth not destroy nature:

Vitiorum est Sepultura virtutum
Resurrectio.

3 Thirdly, it frees from all cor-
 porall infirmities.

Mors omnium dolorum solutio.

Life it selfe is a disease, and we
 dye by corruption of humours,
 whether they bee of body or man-
 ners, who so thinkes to heale all
 infirmities with an easier plaister
 than Death, *Delinimenta potius*
quàm remedia podagræ sue ponit.

4 Fourthly, it frees us from all
 bodily

bodily labours : Man is the subject of the earth by labour, of heaven by suffering. The *Spirit* saith, *Blessed are they that dye in the Lord, they rest from their labours. Adeo iuvat occupatum mori* : Here I have labour without rest : There I shall have rest without labour. In this Rest, perfect Tranquillity ; in this Tranquillity, Contentment ; in this Contentment, Joy ; in this Joy, Variety ; in this Variety, Security ; in this Security, Eternity ; So to Rest, to Rise, to Reigne, what more to be wished ?

5 Fifthly, it eases us of all cares and troubles : *Refrigeries est anima*, Refection to the soule ; Were we but in a throng, we would thinke that man at ease who gets out first. *Noah*, when hee had beene tossed but a yeere upon the waters, then Mount *Ararat* was to him a glad-some place ; so likewise miserable man after many wearisome yeeres tossed up and downe the world as in a troubled sea, will bee glad of death,

death, as of Mount *Ararat* a resting place for his tyred soule.

Old *Chaucers* Epitaph is a good one :

Mors erumnarum requies.

The long sicke man wrote upon his grave stone, *Hic ero sanus.*

In Warres we often releeve the Watch. Life is a Warfare, yet hath no releefe but Death.

6. Lastly, Death doth us not the least pleasure in freeing us from phantasmes and vaine pleasures: *Periclitatur enim castitas in delitiis, Pietas in negotiis, Veritas in multiloquio, Charitas in saeculo.*

And yet some pleasures may stand with innocency ; For God loves to see his creatures happy, but commonly the pleasures of the body are the poysons of the soule: a man smothered in Roses meets with Death; though in sweetnesse ; *Delicatas enim mentes enervat*

eneruat felicitas : In vaine mirth there is no true joy, nor yet gladnesse in laughter : *Nam res est seueru verum Gaudium* : The onely object of true joy is God. In the multitude of sorrowes that I had in my heart, thy comforts have refreshed mee, and doe delight my soule, saith David.

Delight in pleasures, and you shall finde your greatest pleasures become your bitterest paines.

Miser homo, cuius gaudium crimen habet.

But cherish that Synterefis, the naturall power in the soule, and that will stirre you up to a cheerfulnesse in goodnesse : *Ne queras Deum in hortis & pascuis delitiarum: Moses eum invenit in spinis & asperitate vite.*

A man whose soule is conversant with God, shall finde more pleasure in the desart and in death, than in the Palace of a Prince.

Soveraignty reaches not to the affaires.

affaires of nature ; even Princes
must dye ; *I have said you are gods,*
but you shall dye like men.



The benefits by Death.

THe benefits that come by
Death : Fulnesse of Grace
which here we have but in part ;
vivere velint homines ut perfecti sint,
mori volunt & perfecti sint. Here we
have but *Arrham Spiritum*, there
we shall have *pretium*; *Sedete à dex-*
teris, will be our welcome.

Secondly, perfection of Glory :
now I know but in part, but then
I shall know as I am knowne : now
I see darkly as in a glasse, then i shall
I see face to face. There shall bee
new Heavens, new Earth ; The
world shall be made better, not no-
thing. *Suscipit enim meliorationem,*
non interitum : Old things are passed
away, behold, saith Saint Paul, all
things are become new. There shall be

no more an Infant of dayes, nor an old man that hath not filled his dayes, saith Esay. The Heavens you behold shall be superinvested with new indowments, made everlasting habitations for the Saints departed; *Erimus participes, non tantum spectatores gloriae*, Enjoy with these eyes *visionem illam beatificam*, Joy unspeakable, and this joy, saith Saint John, No man shall take from you.

Thirdly, inseparable fellowship with Christ: *They follow the Lamb whithersoever hee goeth*. There wee shall be married to him, here we be but contracted; *Desponsabo te mihi*, saith the Prophet. Those favors and love-tokens I have here received, doe but inflame, not satisfie: And these I am willing to part with, lest they should make me loth to depart to him that gave me them.

Meretricius est amor, plus annulum quam sponsum amare.

Lastly, it brings mee where I would

would be; into my owne *Country*, into *Paradise*, where I shall meet, not as in the *Elizium* of the *Poets*, *Catones*, *Scipiones* & *Scevola's*; But *Abraham*, *Isaac*, and *Jacob*, the *Patriarchs* my fathers, the *Saints* my brothers, the *Angels* my friends; my wife, children, and kinsfolks that are gone before me, and doe attend me, looking and longing for my arriving there. Where we shall thus congratulate, as *Saint Paul* saith; we are met in *Mount Sion* the City of the living God, and the celestiall *Jerusalem*, in the company of innumerable *Angels*; where things that eye hath not seene, nor eare heard, nor heart of man can conceive, are prepared for us and all that feare God.

Therefore I will say, *Lord*, when shall I come and appeare before thee? *Like as the Hart panteth for the water brooks; so pants my soule for thee, O God: I had rather be a doore-keeper in thy house, than dwell here, though in chambers of pleasure.*

Touching



Touching the second generall Division.

II.

*The Feares or Joyes that
Death brings.*

The feares of Death.

Imar est dolor, *The King of
feares is Death; For no-
thing is absolutely feare-
full, but what tends to
death. The living dogge, saith Salo-
mon, is better than the dead lyon. The
bafest life excells the best bare be-
ing. Naturally men feare Death, be-
cause it ends being, which nature
would preserve. Omnis dolor surgit
ab amore: Rachel mourned for her
children and would not be comforted be-
cause they were not.*

Very

Very not being is sufficiently abhorred by nature; yet death ends not being.

Christians were wont to bee of that courage that they feared nothing but sinne; *Timuit mortem Petrus, & negavit Christum.* But why should a man feare death that doth but restore him to him that made him? *Timeat mortem qui Deum non timet; sed si sperare desideras, desine timere.* Feares, as all passions, doe disquiet the heart: Yet just feare breeds but care; and feare mixt with faith, solicates unto goodnesse: but distrustfull feare, as over-confident hope, are both alike hurtfull.

Sunt autem qui Deum nec timent, nec sperant; These men are desperate: Goe on, and shut up a carelesse life with a disconsolate death: Feare vice specially in age, lest the nearer you come to death, the farther you goe from life. The Convert said well, *Periissem nisi periissem.*

It

It is true, the name of Death to most is fearefull ; Yet *Pompa mortis magis terret quàm ipsa mors*. Grones, Convulsions, discoloured faces, these shew Death terrible ; because God loves at first to make way for himselfe by terrour, but at last conveyes himselfe to us in sweetnesse. And what trouble can the feare breed, when that which is feared is a favour ?

That *Philosopher* is not to bee followed, who to prepare himselfe the better for Death, did set forth death most fearefully : nor yet is that Emperour to bee praised who so little esteemed death, as he dyed in a complement.

The feare of Death, is worse than the paines of Death : *Timor mortis, ipsa morte peior* ; Because feare of Death kills us often, where Death it selfe can doe it but once. And when that is done, saith *Job*, the *Wombe* will forget thee, and the *wormes* feed sweetly on thee.

There is nothing more miserable

rable or foolish than alwayes to feare.

The *Philosopher* thought, that if Death (as bad as men count it) were not mingled with bitternes, men would run to it with desire and indiscretion.

Ergo mortem concupiscentes, & timentes æquè objurgat Epicurus.

It is true, Life would not bee troubled with too much care, nor Death with too much feare; because feares betray, cares disorder those succours which reason would afford to both: But he is more sorrowfull than is necessary, that is sorrowfull before there bee necessity. Nor will I ever thinke my soule in good case, so long as I feare to thinke of dying. When the Prince of life was under the Arrest of Death, then Deaths seeming victory was terrible: But now, *O Death where is thy sting? O Grave where is thy victory?*

Feares

Feares multiply evils, Faith diminishes them ; yet most men wish, *ut mors potius semel incidat, quam semper impendeat*, because nothing is so painfull as to dwell long under the expectation of some great evill. Of themselves, paines of Death are onely throwes of travell that bring forth joyes in suffering paines.

Absolvitur anima, resolvitur corpus ; gaudet quod absolvitur, quod resolvitur non sentit.

The Heathen man could say, *Non ego poenas esse quibusdam post mortem ; sed quid ad mortem, quid post mortem ?* If there be any feares in Death, *Quare juvenes non timent fieri senes ?* But it is the nature of feare, to make dangers greater, helps lesse than they are.

When *Anaxagoras* had word brought him that his deare and onely sonne was dead ; *Scio*, said hee, *me genuisse mortalem*. The
sonnes

sonnes condition satisfied the fathers passion.

There is no such gentle removal of griefes, or life's discontents, as the right sense of Death; nor can that man either live at ease, or yet contentedly, that lives continually in feare of Death. *Nil in morte metuamus, si nihil timendum vita nostra commisit.* Never feare what you shall suffer when you are dead, if you have not deserved it while you lived.

In learning to live, study how to dye. Wee take great care to bestow our time well while we live; but he leeses all his time, that knowes not how to end his time.

Nescire mori miserrimum.

Socrates de morte disputabat usque ad ipsam. When *Otho* and *Cato* had prepared all things for their death, they fetled themselves to sleepe: when they awaked, and found

D

them-

themselves upon the stroke of execution, all they said was, *Vita supplicio data est, mors remedio*. Tyrants have beene told to their faces, that their mortall wounds made the Sufferers Immortall.

Vivere non potest, qui mori non audet.

There is no man so valiant as the beleever.

It was a proverb amongst the Heathens, *Soli Christiani mortis contemptores*.

Zeno's word was, *Difficile est hominem exuere*, but off he must.

It is true, feare of Death (as a tribute due to nature) is a weakness; yet feares be not alwayes ill symptomes before death, nor in death. At that instant nature will relust to keep still her being, unto which death is repugnant, life pleasing.

But neither life nor being are alike to all men: To an ill man the best had beene, not to have beene,

Non

Non nasci optimum ; His next best were, to live long : It was ill with him that he was borne, worse that he must dye. Therefore not being sure of a better life, hee would faine make much of this. Hee is conscious to himselfe, that this dying life will bring him to a living death ; yet thinkes, *Dum spiro, spero* ; and so flutters *inter mortis metum, & vite tormentum* ; *nolit vivere, & nescit mori*. A good man is otherwise minded, hee counts his end the best of his being, for that brings him to the fruition of his hope. *Quid hujus vivere est, but diis mori* ? His word is, *Cum expiro, spero* ; my body only lived *spirando*, my soule lives *sperando* : When his breath failes him, his hope faints not, *Patienter vivit, delectabiliter moritur*. To this man, *mori quamprimùm*, is his rather, therefore he saith to his soule, *Why art thou cast downe, O my soule, why art thou so disquieted within me ? wait on God.*



*The difference of soules as well
in dying as living.*

SOule and Soule are differenced
in dying, as well as in being.
The Atheist dares not dye for feare
of *non esse* ; The ill liver dares not
dye for feare of *malè esse* ; The
doubtfull conscience dares not
dye *nesciendo*, whether he shall be,
not be, or be damned ; Onely the
good man dares and desires to
dye. Hee is assured of his hope,
his hope is full of immortality.
*What can I feare, when I know in
whom I beleeve*, said the holy Mar-
tyr ? *I am thy Salvation*, saith that
Saviour of man.

Could Death end misery, the
greatest happinesse a wicked man
would wish, were the Act of
Death : But his conscience will
not let him lye ; he knowes the
end of his present miseries, is the
beginning

beginning of worse, yea such as Death it selfe cannot terminate ; for that would bee happinesse enough, had hee hope there would be an end at the last.

Tophet is prepared for the bad, and *Paradise* for the good ; *As the tree falleth, so it lyeth* ; As death leaves him, so Judgement shall finde him.

There was neither death nor life but had some good in it, could he have seene it. In life there was some ease, in death an end ; But in *Inferno* there is neither ease nor end.

*Prima mors animam dolentem pel-
lit de corpore ;*

*Secunda mors animam nolentem
tenet in corpore.*

There is no *Annus Platonius*, nor yeare of Jubile in this place.

Could wee therefore fore-
thinke what bitter paines our

sweet finnes will cost, wee would be provident, we durst not but be innocent.

But foolish men give away their Soules for nothing: yet those that would not feare for love, shall tremble for feare, and find, though too late, how much prevention is better than confusion. In the sense of paine, and horrore of Conscience they will one day cry, *O vos omnes qui transitis*, All ye that passe by, *attendite, & videte si est dolor sicut dolor meus!*

It is strange that wee will not be wise by other mens harmes: for though wee love our selves better than others, yet we see others better than our selves. Reason therefore bids us, if wee would see our owne case, then to view it in another mans person, and so prevent that which hee feeles.

Seldome doth hee dye well, that lives ill; therefore in the course of your life practise well doing,

doing, and at parting you shall have the comfort of well dying.



Body and Soule parting.

SEd quàm amarum erit hoc tempore corporis & animæ separatio? Wee see old acquaintance cannot part without teares. *Quid facient intimè familiares, quales sunt corpus & anima, quæ ab ipso utero ita jucundissimè vixerint.* If the Oxe loweth when his fellow is taken from him that drew the plough with him, *qualem mugitum* shall wee give when soule and body part? *Siccine separas, amara Mors? Siccine separas?*

When I goe in *fundum*, there shall I see *nostrum nihil*, saith the booke of Kings. The Spirit at this time may be willing, but the flesh will be loth. *Ægrè amittitur, quod valdè amatur.*

Faith will assure God is thy fa-
D 4 ther,

ther; but Nature will tell thee, She is thy mother, and thou mayest not yet leave her. In this conflict take heed the mothers side prevaile not; Shee will play *Naomies* part, perswade thee earnestly to stay and enjoy the delights of *Moab* yet a while longer; but resolve thou with *Ruth* to see what entertainment is for thee in *Bethlehem*, for there thou shalt find a *Boaz*.

In ista hora, every man will make *Balaams* suit, (for no man would be miserable, if it were enough to desire to bee happy.) *Beatus vult homo esse, etiam non sic vivendo ut possit esse*. Some there are that would not wish to live, but wish they had not lived. But such wishes will not serve, Death will not be satisfied with wishes, nor with words. Heaven is full of good workes, Hell full of good wishes. Hee must *piè vivere*, that will *securè mori*. Wee all desire to shut up our last scene of life, with, *In manus tuas, Domine, commendo Spiritum*

Spiritus meum. But it is not the last words a man utters, that doe qualifie his Soule. Remember how in thy life thou hast entertained Gods Spirit : for as wee used his in this life, so hee will use ours after Death. *Qualem quisque se fecerit in hac vitâ, talem se inueniet exiens ab hac vitâ.*

At this houre what would a man give to secure his soule. *Quid dabis pro animâ tuâ, qui pro nihilo das illam?* Poore man ! never was any so rich as could pay the ranfome of his owne soule ; a displeased mercy askes greater satisfaction.

And this know, that when thou dyest thou goest to give account of thy Stewardship, that is, *Temporis amissi, Mali commissi, Boni omis-* si : and thy soule already knowes in *conscientia tua*, whither it goes, *quando egreditur è corpore tuo* ; For thy conscience is a Justice *Itine-* rant with thee, and though thou canst carry nothing else with thee, yet this thou canst not leave be-

hinde thee, that will tell thee whether thou goest, and what thou shalt looke for : *Tunc quasi loquentia tua opera dicent ; Tu nos egisti : Tua opera sumus, non te deferemus : sed tecum ibimus ad Iudicium.* In that day shall come into mens minds (*vi divina*) in the twinkling of an eye all their past good, or evill workes.

Memory the Magazine of the Soule will then recount all that thou hast done, said, or thought all thy life long : for there needs no other art of memory for sinne, but misery.

Man is a great flatterer of himselfe, but conscience is alwaies just, and will never chide thee wrongfully ; It alwayes takes part with God against a mans selfe ; It is *magistratus domesticus*, that will tell what you doe at home ; it is well termed, the Pulse of the Soule : Therefore if you would know the true state of your body or Soule, feele how this beats, that will

will tell you : yet take heed you make not an Idoll of your conscience ; neither thinke, as some doe, that it is a crime to make a conscience of our actions. The booke of Wisedome iaith, That *wickednesse being pressed with conscience, forecasteth grievous things* : feare is full of projects.

Nemo severiorem seipso habet iudicem : Therefore *non timere iudicium*, is a desperate thing ; yet wee pray daily, *Domine, adveniat Regnum tuum.*

It shewes a Christian courage, *Regnum Dei postulare* : But a man had need of a good cause, that wishes the comming of his Judge.

At point of death, if a man will take his aime by the best men that ever lived or dyed ; that of *David*, *Ezekias*, and of Christ himselfe (as he was man) is able to amaze any man, when as our Saviour Christ, not many houres before he suffered, said, *Anima mea turbata est, & quid dicam ?* and at the very point

point of death, said, *Father, if it be thy will, let this Cup passe from me.* When *David* said, *Save Lord for thy mercies sake; for in death there is no remembrance of thee.* And *Ezechias* wept sore, when he was bid, *Put thy house in order, for thou must dye.* *Si Patres, si Prophetae, si Apostoli, si Martyres, si Christus ipse,* was thus troubled at the houre of death, *Wretched man that I am, what shall I doe?* We were all to seeke, but that *Christ* bids us, *Be of good cheere, for I have overcome death, Mors morte redempta est.* Now there is advantage in death; that which was the wages of sinne, is made the reward of righteousness.

Now that death hath overcome death, and that faith hath secured feare, *Nec me tædè vivere, nec timeo mori.* For what can hee feare in death, whose death is his hope. *Timor timore pellitur, ut clavus clavo truditur.* Right precious in the sight of God is the death of his Saints.

See

See then what makes men willing, or loth to dye.

Obsecro te, Lucille, said Seneca, Cur timeat laborem vir, mortem homo? It is the present condition of men that makes them willing or loth to dye.

Nor life, nor death are alike to all men: Some can as willingly leave the world, as others can forbear the Court. And count him but unwise, *Qui os suum aperit aeri, ut se satiaret vento.* Some say unto themselves, *Since the Fathers fell asleepe, all things continue as they were:* *Libere ignorant, ut liberius peccent:* Some pleasant their lives, as if the world should alwayes laugh upon them. *Quamvis peior est mundus cum blanditur, quam cum indignatur.*

Some say, *Let us eat and drinke, for to morrow we shall dye, Et post mortem nulla voluptas.* These would doe any thing rather than dye. Others thinking to please God by making themselves miserable,
live

live as if they came into the world
but to act a sad mans part and dye.

De tanta letitia, quanta tristitia!

These with a change, hoping it
will be a benefit. All weake minds
seek ease in change. Therefore well
said the sonne of Syrach, *O death,*
how acceptable is thy remembrance to
him whose strength faileth. That is
now in his last Age, and vexed with
all things ; and to him that despaireth
and hath lost patience. Contrari-
wise, O death, how bitter is the re-
membrance of thee to a man that lyeth
at rest in his possessions, unto the
man that hath nothing to vex him,
and that prospereth in all things.
(Sed, O seculum nequam, quod solos
tuos sic soles beare amicos, ut Dei faci-
as inimicos.)

Certainly to this man that thus
lives at ease in delicacy with afflu-
ence of all things, (for to use hap-
pinesse is as difficult as to for-
beare it) to him it is a sad and bit-

ter

ter meditation to think that death must take him from all these joyes, wherein his heart tooke pleasure, though indeed pleasures are but paines in their losse. *O pro quantillo Regnum perdidit!* said *Lisimachus* when hee gave his kingdome for a cup of cold water.

Thus as men differ in their condition; so doe they in the acceptance of death.

Sed, O quàm amara mors mundum amantibus.

Every poore contentment glues us to that we like. And what are those contentments? Vaine hopes, idle pleasures, false honours, unsatisfying wealth, stormy contentments, all contemptible. For all that some good men cover, *Et Deum & mundum simul complecti*; but that will not be; *Nam Deus non amat cor divisum*. A man cannot looke up to heaven with one eye, and downe to the earth with the other. *Amor Dei non est dividenda terrenis*; Christ would not have

have his Coat divided.

If thy heart be set on heaven, thy soule will have no pleasure in these low things, looke upward. *Os homini sublime dedit, cœlumque tueri.* The mind contemplating heaven, walks beyond eye-sight, and at so farre a distance discernes God, as if he were at hand. There be certaine Subsapientes so worldly wise as they thinke all other men insapientes. To converse with God is true solace. *Moses* was with God in the mountaine, and came downe glistering, his face shining. *Peter*, when hee was taken up to the mount, cryed, *Faciamus hic tria Tabernacula*: Who ever they bee that dwell in Contemplation of heavenly things, see visions, and come off rich in thoughts. In this state, said *David*, I have had more joy of heart, than they whose wine and oyle increased.

Therefore if thy heart be right, thou needest not feare: But a heart and a heart God cannot abide.

bide. *Cor extensum* God loves. It is noted in nature, that the fearefullest creatures have the largest hearts. Let the feare of God enlarge thy heart, and then you need not feare your day of death: *Nam dies iste, quem tanquam extremum aliqui reformidant, tibi eterne salutis erit.* Nor yet the face of death, for it will looke upon thee, *Facie non horrendâ, sed blandâ; non terribili, sed amabili.* Here is the difference, the good mans hope is even in death: The world-lover ends his hope and happinesse, when he dyes: As *Abab* said to *Elias*, so saith he to death, *Hast thou found me; O mine enemy?* Whereas the other saith, as *David* said to *Abimeaz*, Let come and welcome, for he is a good man, and commeth with good tidings.

Pluto discoursing unto one, *De contemptu mortis*, and speaking strangely upon it, was answered, *Fortius loqueris, quam vivis: At ille dicebat, non quemadmodum viveret,*

veret, sed quemadmodum vivendum esset. For a weake mans rules may be better than the best mans actions. But however the Contemplation of death pleaseth, the suffering of death will pinch. A man satisfied, that death is nothing but a bridge to convey over a tempestuous water to a calme shore; yet did not the word, *Ibis ad patres*, sweeten the Contemplation, as did that wood cast by *Moses* into the waters of Marah, turning bitternesse into sweetnesse. The thought of death (though it bee but a gathering to our fathers) would be an unpleasing study.

But feares being past, which are but shadowes, set off joyes the better, therefore now to see the joyes that death brings.

The



The joyes brought by death.

P*Er angusta pervenitur ad angusta :* The soule of joy lyes in the Soules joy. It was *Sampsons Riddle, Out of the bitter came sweet.* The good mans quality is to looke through death at glory. When we thinke upon the separation of body and soule, then it is a sweet Contemplation to consider the conjunction of our bodies and soules with Christ ; which being made by the bond of the spirit in this life, shall never afterwards be cancelled. For let death, wilde beasts, or birds devoure and teare the body from the soule, yet neither body nor soule are thereby severed from Christ.

Non curat, faith Ignatius, si ferarum dentes me moluerint, modo pura sum fides Christi.

And yet the body thus consumed,

med, lives not in the grave, nor belly of the beast, nor yet receives life or sense from the soule, nor hath aptitude in it selfe to reanimation, whilest it is in this Seat.

The dead tree, saith *Job*, by the sent of water will bud againe, but man is sicke and dyeth, and where is hee? Surely not lost, but layed a while at rest.

But when the great Assises, that generall *venite* comes; Then looke what the condition of Christ was in his death, the like shall be of his members. The body and Soule of Christ were severed as farre as heaven and the grave were distant; yet neither of them were parted from the God-head: So likewise our bodies and soules, though rent and pulled in sunder millions of miles distant; yet neither of them are severed or dis-joynd from Christ our head.

Qui prædixit, Revixit, and this hath wrought it. Humane wisdom cannot comprehend this:
Weake

Weake faith lookes for meanes,
and is put to shifts, when shee sees
them faile; and yet Reason mini-
sters helpe to faith, though it bee
no ground of Faith. *Nam fides non
tollit, sed potius extollit rationem.*
Reason, the chiefest peece of man,
would, but cannot reach so high.
Grace that hath taken up her seat
in the Soule, makes Reason see
what Nature cannot: And yet
man, doe what he can, is still apt
to seeke a reason why hee should
beleeve. But Omnipotency, which
workes by improbabilities, tels us,
there is no strong faith where there
is apparant meanes. Difficulties
and improbabilities are the pro-
per objects of faith; *Crede, quod non
vides, & videbis, quod non credis.*

Philosophers say, that credulity
upon weak grounds, is the daugh-
ter of Folly. But as opinion is
owing unto reason, so is Faith to
Religion. With them, to beleeve
nothing for which they saw not
reason, was counted wisdom.

But

But faith is not faith if reason comprehend it ; Faith and Reason have their limits ; where Reason ends, Faith beginnes : Of old it was the greatest argument for prooffe of Christianity, the proceeding of it contrary to reason.

In Nature we see that in Winter season, trees which seeme as dead, revive againe in the Spring: because the Body, Graines, and Armes of the Tree are joyned to the root, where the Sap lyes all the Winter, and by meanes of conjunction it conveyes vegetation to all parts of the Tree: Even so mens bodies have their Winter, when they are turned into dust. *Homo arbor inversa, cujus radix in cœlis, rami in terra.* Mans life lyes hid in Christ with God ; Yet
 # in the day of Resurrection, by reason of this Mysticall Conjunction, divine and quickening vertue shall streame from Christ to his Elect, and cause them to resurge from grave to life eternall. For the
 head

head wil not be without the members ; where he is, there they shall be also. Therefore incredulous Nature shrink not at the possibility of Resurrection when the God of Nature undertakes it.

It is noted how in that transfiguration, the body of *Moses* which was hid in the valley of *Moab*, appeared in the hill of *Tabor*, which assures that this body of ours, lodge it where you wil, is not lost, but laied up to be raised to glory, as it was laid downe in dust.

The incineration and dissipation of this dust shall have a recollection in the day of resurrection.

In the valley of dead bones, did not the Spirit say to *Ezechiel*, Prophesie upon these bones, and say, *O ye dry bones, I will cause breath to enter into you, I will lay sinewes upon you, and will bring up flesh, and you shall live. Awake then, and sing, you that dwell in dust, saith E say, for thy dew is as the dew of hearbs : and the earth shall cast out her dead.*

I

*This is easy for
him to raise
from dead as he
awake us out
of sleep*

I know, saith Job, that my Redeemer liveth, and I shall see God face to face. Our bodies, you see, are not cast off by death, but put to new making. Therefore Saint Bernard, upon the losse of his friend, expostulates thus with death; Occidisti, possedisti, Sed, quid? corpus, non animam: & veniet aliquando Christus cum potestate, & majestate carnem illam querere, & illud corpus cadaveris in configurare corpori claritatis sue.

It is well for man, that his body by death becomes putrid, resolved and crumbled to nothing, else how would some mens corps be honoured, if not adored, after death.

Sleepe saith now unto her Sister Death, *Awake thou that sleepest, for now is your salvation nearer, than when you beleevd.*

Σ. Why then should a man immoderately sorrow, since sorrow is good for nothing but for sinne; or grieve for the death of a friend; since

since, as *Seneca* saith, It is but envy, not sorrow? Now that the child is dead, wherefore should I fast or weepe, said *David*? Griefe preceding evill, if it bee used for a remedy, cannot be too much: But that which followes an evill past remedy, cannot bee too little. The arrest of death shal not alwaies keep him that lyes downe in peace.

The bodies of Saints, saith *Augustine*, shall be raised; *Tanta facilitate quantâ felicitate*, with as much ease as happinesse: *Nam mors tantum intermittit vitam, non eripit*; it doth not disanull, but discontinue life. And by our rising wee are remitted to our better right: A life which never dyes, a morning that hath no Eve nor ending.

Now me thinkes I heare death say of life, as *John Baptist* said of Christ, *Hee that commeth after mee, is before me.*

O sweet word! Life, the best Monosyllable in the world, Gods owne attribute: *Deus vivit*, And

my soule (saith Job) shall live, for my Redeemer liveth.

And is this life but the child of death? then blessed also bee the word death, the mother of life, I will no more call thee *Marah*, but *Naomi*; for thou art not bitter, but sweet, more pleasant, though swifter in thy gate than the Roe or Hinde. The Stoike could say, *Mors est quæ efficit, ut nasci non sit supplicium*. But what saith Saint John? I heard a voyce from heaven, saying, Write; Blessed are the dead which dye in the Lord, they dye no more, death hath no more power over them. All teares are wiped from their eyes. *Petronella* the daughter of Saint Peter, *febre moritur: rogatus Petrus, cur non illi sicut aliis succurreret, hoc illi præstare respondit*, It was better for her to dye.

Compare life with death, and you will clearely see, how death, which seemes to dispossesse us of all, puts us in possession of more

more than that all :

*Per varios casus, per tot discrimina
rerum,
Tendimus in Latium, sedes ubi fata
quietas Ostendunt.*

It is but being which we have by birth. A better being is by death : *Esse naturæ est, bene esse gratiæ, optimum esse gloriæ.* Mans happy being is Eternity. Gods proper Name is, Being. Being is our Christen name.

Faine would man bee happy while he lives : But the world will scarce afford him a vacation unto sorrowes. No man can speake him happy, that hath a day to live. *Nescit enim quid serus vesper uchat.* There is divine Philosophy in that saying, *Others bring foorth the best wine first, but thou bringest that which is best last.* The end of man is better than man, whose birth is Sinne, his life Folly, his death Rottenesse.

Though we cannot brag of our Parentage, because *our father was an Amorite, our mother an Hittite*; And it is but a windy happinesse that is sought in titles taken upon others credit: yet it was happinesse to me, that God wrapt mee up in his Covenant, reserved me for a time of truth, derived me of religious Parents, and made me a subject to vertuous and gracious Kings. Yet this birth brought me into a world of miseries, allowing no ceasing from sorrowes: *Ne natalem quidem excepit*. For crying was the first note of my being, *Calamitatis futura Propheeta*.

Here I dwell cottaged in a house of clay, whose foundation is dust: but Death brings mee to an habitation made without hands, everlasting in the heavens. *Ad excelsa sublatus inter felices currit animus, excipitque illum cœtus sacer*; Where for Love, I shall be a Son; for Birthright, an Heire; for Dignity, a King. Here I have conversed,

versed, and had commerce with men, there I shall have communion with Saints, fellowship with Angels; enjoy *visionem illam beatificam*, the immediate fruition of God and Christ.

O happy and safe condition of Gods children, whom paine thus easeth, Death revives, dissolution unites, sinne glorifies.

Old father *Jacob*, when he was told of his sonne *Josephs* power in Egypt, was not satisfied to heare of his honours, but enquires of his life: Intimating, that life to come, is better than all the honours that are in Egypt, or fortunes that are on earth. Nor yet did *Josephs* life content him without his being with him. (For a good heart will be content to share with others in their miseries unbidden, but cannot endure to be happy alone,) and therefore said, I will goe see him: counting it better to behold with the eye, than to walke in desires: for indeed the

Though we cannot brag of our Parentage, because *our father was an Amorite, our mother an Hittite*; And it is but a windy happinesse that is sought in titles taken upon others credit: yet it was happinesse to me, that God wrapt mee up in his Covenant, reserved me for a time of truth, derived me of religious Parents, and made me a subject to vertuous and gracious Kings. Yet this birth brought me into a world of miseries, allowing no ceasing from sorrowes: *Nenatalem quidem excepit*. For crying was the first note of my being, *Calamitatis futura Propheta*.

Here I dwell cottaged in a house of clay, whose foundation is dust: but Death brings mee to an habitation made without hands, everlasting in the heavens. *Ad excelsa sublatus inter felices currit animus*, excipitque illum *cœtus sacer*; Where for Love, I shall be a Son; for Birthright, an Heire; for Dignity, a King. Here I have conversed,

versed, and had commerce with men, there I shall have communion with Saints, fellowship with Angels; enjoy *visionem illam beatificam*, the immediate fruition of God and Christ.

O happy and safe condition of Gods children, whom paine thus easeth, Death revives, dissolution unites, sinne glorifies.

Old father *Jacob*, when he was told of his sonne *Josephs* power in Egypt, was not satisfied to heare of his honours, but enquires of his life: Intimating, that life to come, is better than all the honours that are in Egypt, or fortunes that are on earth. Nor yet did *Josephs* life content him without his being with him. (For a good heart will be content to share with others in their miseries unbidden, but cannot endure to be happy alone,) and therefore said, I will goe see him: counting it better to behold with the eye, than to walke in desires: for indeed the

best things that are, pleasure us not in their being, but in our enjoying them.



*The joy of Soule and Body at
their meeting.*

HAppinesse communicated, doubles it selfe; these two Cousins, Soule and Body, as *Mary* and *Elizabeth*, will hasten to meet in the hill Countrey. And what then shall be the joy, when soule and body separate for a season, (although in the interim the Soule doth not wander and obambulare) shall meet againe in joy, and mutually enjoy one the other?

The sense of this delight and contentment did well appeare in that meeting betwixt *Jacob* and *Joseph*, when mutuall losse and separation for a while did more endear each to other.

Intermission of comfort hath
this

this advantage, that it sweetens our delight more in the returne, than was abated in the forbearance.

And was *Jacob* glad to leave his Countrey, and the land of Promise, to see his younger sonne *Joseph*, though in Egypt? What then shall bee the Soules joy, to end a pilgrimage in a strange land, and goe to see her elder brother Christ in heaven? In this respect, *Cupio dissolvi* was Saint *Pauls* wish. For this tedious mortality, pleasant it how man can, will grow intolerable, if Death doe not disburthen it. Long living so lodes us with sinne, as sinne it selfe tyres at last him that loved it best.

It is an Inmate that will roost with us as long as life affords it house-roome, nor will it lodge alone, but still one sinne will bring in another.

But through Death, the very body of Death, and burthen of
 E 4 sinne,

finne, are cast out both together.

Sith then the life I now leade is beset with Death, tends to Death, ends in Death, I will no longer mistake tearmes, calling that Death which is life, that life which is Death: *Hanc esse mortem, quam nos vitam putamus: Illam vitam, quam nos pro morte timemus,* but will hold with Saint *Augustine*:

*Per vitam ad mortem transitus est:
per mortem ad vitam reditus est.*



*Death the Regeneration of
the Soule.*

I Thinke the Pagans had some sense of this, who did celebrate the day of their death with mirth, and the day of their birth with mourning. And the conceit of those Philosophers was divine, who

who held, that although the Soule of man was then infused when man was made, yet is it new borne when man dyes. His body being the wombe, Death the Midwife which delivers that to sorrow, this to glory.

Returne thou to thy rest, O my Soule, for God hath dealt bountifully with thee.

I can no otherwise joy in my birth, than did the Prophet *Jere-miah*, who said, *Let not the day wherein my mother bare mee, bee blessed.*

If we observe mans ingresse into the world, his progresse in it, his egressse out of it, wee must needs wonder, and say with *David*, *Lord, what is man?*

Quis pavet? Quis flet? Quis eget?

Quis errat? Solus (Heu sortes) Homo.

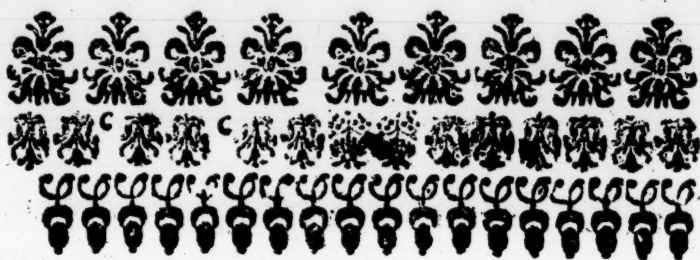
Sperat, optat, alget, voluit, explorat, queritur. Malorum omnia pleni.

But to assure there are joyes in Death, what saith the Scripture to well-dying men ?

Rejoyce, and lift up your heads, for now your Redemption draweth neere. This body shall rise a glorious body, be a Spirituall body, not in Substance, but in quality : like that body of the Sonne of God.

Unto you that feare God, saith the Prophet *Malachy*, *The Sonne of Righteousnesse shall arise with bealing in his wings.*

The



The third generall Division.

III.

*When Death is to bee prepared
for; and how.*

The time when.



Leto, that Deus Philo-
sophie, saith, There is
nulla salutaris Philoso-
phia, but perpetua mor-
tis meditatio. And sine
ista meditatione tranquillo esse animo
nemo potest. Dreadfull Death laughs
at the vaine conceits and precepts
of humane tranquillity. It is, saith
Scipio, the most honourable Phi-
losophy, to study a mans morta-
lity :

lity : *Mortis meditatio est vita sapientis*: Politikes say, *Tota vita discendum est vivere*. But saith Seneca, *Hoc magis miraberis, Tota vita discendum est mori*. The Divine saith best, *Cogita de fine infinito, & vives in infinitum*.

Fooles would faine doe at last, that which wise men doe at first : Prepare for their end. Carelesse men thinke the Signiory of time is at their command, to doe what they list, when they list. Indeed youth and age are measured by government, not by time : Time it selfe is *mensura Temporis* : but wee must consider, wee have little power over the present, lesse over the future. Davids example is worth the following, who cryed, *Betwixt, Lord, let me know mine end, and the measure of my dayes, what it is, and how long I have to live*. All the dayes of mine appointed time, saith Job, *I will watch till my changing shall come*.

Time it selfe, which covers all
thats

thats past, and discovers all that is to come, hath now had all his changes: Natures time is past, The Law which succeeded is abolished. Now is the Gospels time, after which there shall be no more changes.

Change (the great Master of the world) that hath this time for his Agent, abuseth many with the hope of Time. It is true, There is nothing our owne but time, which is a servant equall to all, holds pace, and flyes as fast in idlenesse as in businesse :

So that though time well spent diminishes our time, yet when it is imployed in timely preparation, it layes up time as treasure for a future time ; and thus is rather a husbanding, than consuming of time. *Diem perdidimus*, said *Vespasian*. He lives in safety, that watches his time: but in reckoning of time most men miscast it, counting for first, that which is last; and that last, which is first : beginning the account

count from the day of birth : whereas our deaths day, is our first day : for the last of life, is the first day to life, wee then ceasing to dye, when we leave to live.

Solebat dicere Fabianus ; In tria tempora vita dividitur : Quod est, Quod fuit, Quod futurum est : Ex his, quod agimus breue est ; Quod acturi sumus, dubium ; Quod egimus, certum.

Reckon first with time past, and you may make time to come certaine. *Nondum venit hora*, deceives many a man ; but when the Sunne comes to the Meridian, the yeere to the Solstice, then looke for a turning of thy dayes.

The Scepticks put a *fortasse* upon all things in the world. But saith Saint *Augustine*, There is no one thing in the world to be named, where this word *fortasse* had no place, except you speake of Death : *Hic solum fortasse locum habere non potest.*

It may be said of Death, as is of
the

the Kingdome of Heaven, It comes not by observation. Hee lives not, that knowes where, when, or how hee shall dye. Yet none lives, but knowes hee must dye.

Mors omnibus finis, multis remedium, quibusdam totum : de nullis melius merita, quam quibus accidit, antequam vocaretur. Therefore said one, *Dementia est*, it is more than folly not to be prepared for death. *Sed si mortem venientem præmeditatur, tunc superatur.* The preparation for Death, makes a fruition of life. *Nemo propter canos & rugas diu vixit*; yet never man preserved himselfe from dying, by forgetting Death. Gerson brings in an English-man asking a French-man, *Quot annos habes?* How many yeeres are you? His answer was, *Annos non habeo*, I am of no yeeres at all, but Death hath forborne mee these fifty yeeres.

The very Heathens through Natures instinct, provided themselves

selves for Death by Sacrifices to
their gods.

*Fringe Toros, Pete vina, Rosas cipe,
Tangere nardos ;*

*Ipsē jubet mortis te meminisse
Deus.*



A faire way of dying well.

SAlomon saying, that the day of
death was better than the day of
birth, inferred that there was a
faire way of dying well, whereun-
to two things were most requi-
site.

First, a timely preparation be-
fore death was most requisite.

*Nam facile sustinet, qui expectat
mortem.*

That Oracle of Morall men
wise Seneca was wont to say, *Sæpe
debemus*

debemus mori, nec volumus ; morimur, nec volumus. We ought often to prepare for death, and will not: at last wee dye indeed, and would not. *Cesar Borgia* being sicke to death, said, When I lived, I provided for every thing but Death ; now I must dye, and am unprovided to dye.

Previous preparation becomes a wise man, *Sed in hoc errore omnes versamur, quod non putamus nisi senes ad mortem vergere ; citamur nec sensu, nec etate. Mors, quo facilius obrepit, sub ipso vitæ nomine latet.*

Procrastination is the greatest enemy to preparation. This *vox Corvina*, that alwayes cryes, *Cras, cras*, couzens many a man, making him *perdere hodiernum*, trusting upon to morrow. Saith *Tibullus*, *Jam mala finissem letho. sed credula vitam spes alit, & melius cras fore, semper ait :* but trust not to that: *Ille sinit, quisquis Postume, vixit heri.* Wee pray daily, Lord give us this day our daily bread.

Dum

Dum dicitur, Hodie, we should remember, Life is but a day, *Dies, non seculum*. Wherefore saith Salomon, *Talke not of to morrow, nescis enim quid superventura pariet dies.*

By deferring wee presume upon that we have not, and neglect that we have.

Quod in manu fortune positum est, disponimus; quod in tua est, dimittis: which made the Heathen Poet, *divino furore instinctum*, utter *boc salutare carmen*,

Optima quæque dies miseris mortalibus ævi Prima fugit.

Therefore, *noli tardare*, delay not thy prepare for death, till the approaches of Death. *Recordare novissimum, & non peribis in æternum.*

In evils to be prevented, delay is a kinde of ease, not so in good things.

Doe therefore the worke of the
day

day in die suo. No man can promise himselfe a morrow.

Fleres, si scires unum tua temporaria mensem :

Rides, cum non sit forsitan una dies.

Every man hath his day. Jerusalem, baddest thou knowne this but in this thy day, thou wouldest not, &c. *Est & dies hominis, & dies Domini.* When mans day is past, then Gods day comes. *Nam vita est nisi vigilia,* The eve of another day.

A man, saith *Luther*, lives forty yeeres before hee knowes himselfe to bee a foole ; and by that time he sees his folly, his life is finished. So men dye before they beginne to live.

The case therefore of those men is most unhappy, who after forty or fifty yeeres of dayes, in their mis-spent time (for it was but

but *tempus*, not *vita*) and now ready to dye, are even then to learne how to dye, when they are in the Act of dying.

*Quæ tam stulta mortalitatis ob-
livio,*

*Inde velle vitam inchoare ; quò
pauci perduxerimus ?*

Deferring as well as presuming, makes many men implicate Atheists.

It was a sweet speech, and might well have become an elder body, which a young innocent childe of my owne used in extremity of sicknesse, Mother, what shall I doe? I shall dye before I know what Death is. I beseech you tel me what is Death, and how I should dye. *Certe multum interest, peccare aliquis nòlit, an nescit.* But there is *nil miserius morienti, quàm nescire mori*; nay, saith one, *Tolerabilius est non esse, quàm nescire mori.*

Sith

Sith then it is a thing as well naturall as necessary for a man to dye, it is no thanks to a man to pay that willingly, which he must doe of necessity. But in paying of this debt, wisdome counsels two things :

First, to consider the time when.

Secondly, the meanes, how.

For the time ; Seeke not Death in the errour of thy life. Remember thy Creator in the dayes of thy youth, while the evill dayes come not, nor the yeeres approach wherein thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in you. Before the silver cord bee loosed, the golden Ewer broken : Before the Almond tree flourish, and the Grasshopper bee a burthen : Before the keepers of the house shall tremble, the strong men bow, the grinders cease, they waxe darke that looke out of the windowes, and the daughters of Musicke be brought low.

Old Barzillai being in this case, refused all the pleasures of a Kings house,

house, though he was kindly intreated by the King himselfe.

Age or sicknesse will make a man unapt either to compose, or dispose himselfe to death. *Tunc tibi tarda fluunt, ingrataque tempora.* It is no fit time then to prepare to dye, when it is a burthen to live; So in the Law, God required the first fruits, not the Lees for his portion.

Old age it selfe is a yong death: for Age solicits Death, Youth scornes it. Thy best health affords but time good enough for this businesse. Therefore dedicate not all thy time to businesse, for that as wel as sloth may rob thee of thy time. Some Talents improve most by laying up.



*Three signes of approaching
Death.*

DOe you desire some signes
of death, before you prepare
your

your selfe for death ? *Tres sunt mortis nuntii, casus, infirmitas, senectus. Casus dubia, infirmitas gravia, senectus certa denunciat. Casus nuntiat mortem latentem, infirmitas apparentem, senectus presentem.* Age and sicknesse summon men to their dissolution.

When *Ezechiah* had beene sicke unto death, he wrote thus : *In the cutting off my dayes, I shall goe to the gates of the grave. I reckoned to the morning, I shall walke weakly all my yeares, in the bitternesse of my soule.*

Thus it fareth with every man in age or sicknesse ; when a man begins to be sicke, his senses are wholly busied about the disease. The Physician is then conferring with him of the state of his body. The Lawyer is then consulted with about thy worldly state. The Minister touching thy soules health. Thy friends are then unwelcome ; Strangers trouble thee ; Visits offend thee ; thy owne servants cannot please thee ; Other
mens

mens discourses tire thee; to speak thy selfe spends thee; and to be silent grieves thee; not to be told how thou doest, vexes thee; to be told how ill thou art, discomforts thee; but it most of all afflicts thee, to see thy wife and children (those peeces of thy selfe in another kind) weeping and lamenting by thee.

Thus miserably wee poore men at this time are distressed, and distracted, made unfit for any thing, when as God knowes a due preparation for death, requires all the faculties and strength of a sound, perfect, and whole man.

Thinke not to serve God with thy dotage, when thou hast served thy pleasures with thy youth; God for his service will have the young *Isaac* of thine age. You shall not see my face, saith *Joseph*, *except you bring your younger brother with you.*

Every man naturally, when hee comes neere the goale of death,
even

even for some intrinsecall cause,
though unknowne to himselfe, is
then weary of himselfe, and enter-
taines life with a tedious dislike.

*Tunc in jucunda est rei poenitentiae re-
cordatio*, distasting every thing,
neglecting the very thought of
all humane affaires.

*Nec juveni lusus qui placuere
juvant.*

In the straits of death, then he
prayer, God deliver me; then hee
thinkes, O how I am straitned till
it be accomplished, *Abyssus abyssum
in vocat*, Sad words, breathing sor-
rowes.

But this should have been done,
when strength of understanding
served, *Nam seruum est tunc vivere in-
cipere, cum desinendum.*

The little Bee, so soone as flow-
ers spring, goes abroad, views the
gay Diapery, and the diversity of
the flowery fields, sucks the swee-
test of them, fraights her thighes,

F

makes

makes a curious combe, and so be-
times hoards up Honey in Summer
against the Winter.

*Mors hyems est ; orate ne fiat fuga
vestra hyeme.* Why is the winter
harder to the Grasshopper than to
the Ant ? Prudency in one, and im-
prudency in the other differs
them. To a wise heart, expectati-
on of the event is a great advan-
tage.

Thinke not thou the winter of
thine age, a time fit enough for
this worke. *Manna* must bee ga-
thered in the morning ; the orient
pearle is generated of the morning
dew.

It is too late, when time is past,
before you beginne. Happy is the
man, who improves the dayes of
his youth to the prevention of
evill. It is said of Father *Jacob*,
who was a great Traveller, that
before he dyed, *Pedes suos ad se colle-
git : Sic tu animi pedes.* Those co-
gitations and affections, *quibus vi-
vens totum orbem peragrasti :* Gather
them

them up, and then repose to rest. Beginne not then to turne to God, when thou canst not turne thee in thy bed. None can bee good too early. Christ in all his Examples meant our Instructions; hee went up to the Temple in his Nonage. The foure Ages of men are resembled to the foure vigils of the night; *Prima pueritiam*; *Secunda adolescentiam*; *Tertia virilem*; *Quarta senectutem adumbrat*: The first and last are sleepey Ages; the other are the vigorous times. Therefore *paret se homo, praeingrat se secundæ & tertia*. These are the watches Christ mentions for his comming.



Repentance when to be practised.

Repentance also in the time of sicknesse is commonly as sicke as the party, yeelding then, when it cannot resist; and then preparing and repenting, when

all other helpes and hopes faile.

Trust not long life, nor late repentance. One saith well, Play not the Courtier with your soule. The Courtier doth all things late, rises late, dines late, sups late, repents late.

Serapœnitentia rarò vera.

The dew of thy birth is of the womb of the morning.

The end of time affords little time, *Omnis motus naturalis velocior est in fine.* Holy Job tels us, If thy bones be full of the sinne of thy youth, they will lye downe with thee in the dust. *Sed moriantur ante mortem vitia, & ad iudicium non sequantur.* When death hath foulded up thy dayes, all opportunity is past. The cocke crowed; but that *Gallicinium*, so shrill a voyce could not awake thee. Therefore *Cygnicinium*, that dolefull musicke must end the Scene.

Doe therefore by thy conscience, as men deale with their Stewards,

Stewards, call it to account *ante mortem*, & *audies mortem dicentem*, *Non possis vellicare amplius*; Ply time while you have it, *Merctum hanc vitam puta, sed nec nundina post hanc vitam nec quæstus loci.*

In a long mis-led life we amasse many sinnes; it will aske great labour to quit them. Great labour and little time suit not. Therefore worke while it is day. *The night commeth when no man can worke.* Watch and pray, *Sit oratio clavis diei, & sera noctis.* Few and evill are the dayes of the longest lived man; Yet to every man there is a *Triduum*, a space of three dayes lent, but sleepe not, *usque Quatriduum*, lest it be said, *Hee hath lyen foure dayes in the grave: Jam fecit.*

One observeth, that God restored life to three men; to one in his bed, to another on the beare, to the third in the grave.

They that conceive sinne in
F 3 their

their hearts, are like to him that was dead in his bed. They that bring it forth to action, are like him that was brought forth dead on his beare. But they that deferre and continue in sinne, are like him that was foure dayes dead and stanke in his grave.

There is no safety in procrastinating; therefore flatter not thy selfe by the theeves example, who repented, but in *illa hora*. That is not put for imitation, but to keepe from desperation.

It is a strange thing to see that old men will not see death, though it be before their faces; nor young men, though it stand at their backes. The old gray-headed man to seeme young, had coloured his haire blacke, but the devill told him he would not bee so cozened.

*Non omnes fallis, scit te Proserpina
canum.*

If men marke things well,

Mundus ipse senescit.

The common fashion is to put men in mind of their death, when we doubt they cannot live : Till the Phyfician finde fome ill fymptomes, the patient may not be difheartned with the name of death. *Zenas* the Lawyer, and *Luke* the Phyfician muſt have given us over, before wee will fend for *Barnabas* the ſonne of Conſolation : But at this time draw not the Curtaine before the ficke, but let him ſee his finnes, for hee is the good Phyfician of my ſoule, that tels me of death, when he ſees mee live in ſinne.

There is not any man ſo wicked, who with his good will would dye in his ſinne ; yet moſt men ſo live, as if they beleevved permiſſion were the Article of their faith all their life long : and the Article of Remiſſion of finnes

were reserved till the point of death. No man that truly repents is refused at any time, but many a one finnes so long that he cannot repent.

Terrible will death be, when the dying man with griefe for opportunity lost, wil repent that ever he lived, and would count it happinesse enough to dye, so hee might then cease to be. But that will not be, *Quia mors est sine morte, semper vivit, semper occidit, sed nunquam præoccidit.*

That which ends all is without all end. Remember the foolish Virgins: It will be too late to prepare oyle, when the Bridegroom is comming. The warning is given, *Be ye ready, for the Sonne of man comes at an houre: Non dicit annum, aut mensem, cum ne securus per horam constet.* He saith, *Ecce venio sicut fur;* that is, when you sleepe best, and think least of him: *Dum nec mortem irruentem, nec Judicem venientem, nec supplicium horrendum vidimus.*

Settlement



*Settlement in Religion is the best
preparative for death.*

NOW as it is wisdom to bee prepared for death; so if you will dye with peace of conscience, and without trouble of mind, be well resolved in point of Religion before you dye: play not the hypocrite, nor the politicke, who cares not what Religion be, so some be; whose rule is, *Religio ad morem, non ad rem pertinet.*

It is true that honest men must have somewhat of the Serpent, not all of the Dove. For policy and Religion doe as wel together, as they doe ill asunder. Religion without policy is too simple to be safe: Policy without Religion is too subtle to be good. Worse than both is prophane Newtrality, or *Laodicean* coldnesse. Never any man was a loser by beleeving: for

faith is ever recompenced with glory; while thou livedst, it was not amisse to make doubts; for it shews wit to move a question wel, and it shewes judgment to resolve well. Some questions argue rather faith than doubt. In multitude of opinions there is but one truth, and amongst sundry truths there is but one necessary to salvation. But in points of difference distinguish. For in reconcilable differences, nothing is more safe than indifferency. But in maine oppositions be not newter: for it is a lesse eye-sore to God to goe upright in a wrong way, than to halt in a right way.

Though you move doubts, yet dwell not in doubt. For you shall finde it a fearefull thing to dye in doubt; and the comfortablest thing under heaven, to be well assured, and cleerely resolved in the truth of your faith before you dye.

Some love to see the object of their faith, and so are led to idolatry:

latry : Others to co-operate in the worke of their salvation, and so give part to merit. *Nil tibi tribuas*, is safest. There is danger in ascribing too little to grace, for that robs God of honour. But if we ascribe too little to our selves, there is no danger on that side.

When this is done, then bee of good cheere, for thou shalt heare Christ (the life of thy hope here, and hope of thy life hereafter) say unto thy sicke soule, as he said unto the sinfull woman, *Goe in peace, thy faith hath saved thee, enter thou into thy Masters joy.*

And let all conceited humanists remember what their master Aristotle said when hee dyed : *Anxius vixi, dubius morior : O Ens entium, miserere mei.*

Sed parum prodest amodo miserere mei.

Now



Now of the way to dye well.

Non est res magna vivere : Hoc omnes faciunt : sed pauci bene moriuntur. Et illi Mors gravis incubat, qui notus nimis omnibus, ignotus moritur sibi. Man is ready to dye before he lives, but therefore liveth a time in the world, that he may dye betimes to the world. His yeeres come to an end as a tale that is told : his dayes deceive him, for they passe as a shadow by Moonshine, then appearing longest, when they draw neere to an end.

Things give counsell unto men, better than men doe to the things. Here we dwell but in Tents ; and Tents, we know, are set up to bee taken downe againe shortly.

Wee that live here, live by death ; for had not Christ dyed, wee had not lived ; hee dyed for sinne, we live in sinne. Therefore
with

with Saint Paul I will say, *My life is not deare unto mee, so as I may finish my course with joy.*

Doe you desire to live a long time? The sonne of Sirack saith, *A man that is made perfect in a short time, fulfils a long time. Et vita ipsa, si scias uti, longa est.* The Spaniard saith, *Vir bonus bis vivit.*

Ampliat etatis spatium sibi vir bonus; hoc est Vivere bis, vita posse priori frui. He lives twice that bestowes the fore-part of his life well.

Vincere scis Hanibal, uti victoria nescis.

Alexander had a good account of his age, reckoning by victories, not by dayes; So should good men count their dayes by the good they doe, or the sinne they conquer in that day.

Numbring of dayes, saith Saint Augustine, is not *numerus dierum quis sit*, but *qui sit*, that's the golden number.

Tres sunt dies hominum, saith S. Hierome, *dies conversionis, dies con-*
ver-

versationis, dies resurrectionis. And thus doth one day certifie another.

Time lent us flies away in the time that is lent us, every moment comming, being the death of that is past : Therefore weigh well every least moment ; for it is of so great moment, as that upon it depends eternity of time to come, that eternity which is not bounded within the Kalender of time.

THe Art of dying well is better learn't by practice, than by precept.

Unto dying well three things are most requisite :

1 First, to be often meditating upon death.

2 Secondly, to bee dying daily.

3 Thirdly, to dye by little and little.

The



The first step of dying well.

OFten meditation of Death, brings a man to dye in ease; for it alleviates paines, expels feares, eases cares, cures finnes, corrects Death it selfe.

Quo modo non morimur, cum vivitur mortuis? we live with so many deaths about us, as wee cannot but often thinke of dying.

Every humour in us engenders diseases enow to kill us, so that our bodies are but living graves, and wee dye, not because wee are sicke, but because wee live. And when wee recover from sicknesse we escape not sicknesse, but the disease.

Doe as the Preacher counsels; What thou hast to doe, that doe quickly; For in the grave, whither thou goest, there is neither worke, nor discourse, nor travell,
nor

nor wisdom, nor conversation,
nor fruition of any thing; all is
entombed in sadness, darknesse
overshadowing it.

Play then the wise mans part;
Measure not life, *spatio, sed actu*.
Life is ordained for Action, not
for fruition. If thou hast any
good to doe for the Church, the
Common-wealth, or thy Friends,
sic citò: for though hee be happi-
est that can enjoy a little with the
peace of an honest heart, yet if
thou hast much goods laid up in
store, make thee friends with thy
Mammon: *nam bona tua sunt bona,*
si tu sis bonus. Though Security
rests in a meane state, yet there is
pleasure in abundance; and for
Spiritual ends, Temporal blessings
may be desired. *Abraham* was rich
in great measure, but rich in faith
above measure. But sing not a re-
quiem to thy soule; nor say vain-
ly, *Vivamus dum vivimus*, for *for-*
tunâ, ut volet, ordinet: for so doth
a minde uncertaine of successe, re-
leeve

leeve it selfe with possibility : *Sed si cor tuum non esset fatuum, non crederes fatuum.* Wisdome is Fortunes mistresse, wait on her, and remember, *Hac nocte*, the day of vanity being past, the night of Judgement comes : when both light and delight goe out together.

Excellently doth the Booke of Wisdome descry the thoughts of a vaine voluptuous man. This man reasoning with himselfe but not aright, saith, Our life is short and tedious, against Death there is no remedy, from the grave there is no returning ; wee are borne at all adventures, and hereafter shall bee as if we had never beene: Our breath is smoake, a little sparke in our hearts, which being extinct, our body turnes to ashes, and our spirit vanishes like soft ayre. Come on therefore, let us enjoy the good things that are present, let us fill our selves with costly wine and oyntments : let no
flower

flowre of the Spring passe by us :
Let us crowne our selves with
Rose buddes, leave tokens of our
jollity ; for this is our portion,
and our lot : let our strength bee
the law of Justice : for that which
is feeble is nothing worth.

The righteous man is not for
our turne, he is alwayes contrary
to our doings, hee upbraideth us
with the law, objects to our infamy
the transgression of our education :
He was made to reprove
us : Hee is therefore grievous to
us, his life is not like other mens,
his wayes are of another fashion.

Such things these vaine men
have imagined, but they are
deceived : when they cast up the
account of their owne Sinnes,
they shall come with feare, and say
with sorrow, This was hee whom
wee had sometimes in derision,
and made a proverbe of reproach.
Wee fooles accounted his life
madnesse, and his end to bee without

out honour.

But how is hee now numbred amongst the happy, and his lot amongst the Saints ? what hath pride profited us, or what hath riches with our vantings brought us ? All these are passed away like a shadow, and as a post that runneth by. This verifies that saying, *Breve est quod delectat, sed eternum quod cruciat.*

In vaine doth man strive to have that which hee cannot enjoy, or to enjoy much by meere relation. The rich man hath not so much advantage of the poore by enjoying, as the poore hath of the rich by leaving.

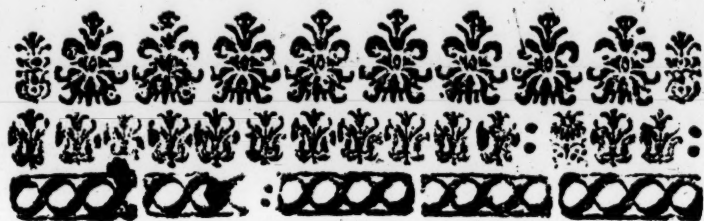
Sadly and suddenly shalt thou finde all worldly pleasures turned into waking dreames.

Dormierunt somnum suum & nihil invenerunt omnes viri divitiarum, saith the Psalmist.

Notwithstanding, man while he
lives,

lives, fancies many things, and covets without end ; but all to no end. *Et quæ parasti, cujus erunt ?* Either they passe from you, or you from them. *Non est nostrum, quod non est semper nostrum :* but these things, *Si non habent finem suum, habebant finem tuum.* All the towers in the ayre that thou hast built, *uno ictu prosternentur.* Ere long two ells of earth shall serve, whom scarce a world could satisfie.

Privacy



*Privacy with death, a so-
veraigne cordiall against
Death.*

Herefore bee acquaint-
ted with Death be-
times, for through
acquaintance Death
wil lose his horroure;
like unto an ill face, though it bee
as formidable as a Monster, yet of-
ten viewing will make it familiar,
and free it from distaste. Death is
blacke, but comely. *Philostates* li-
ved seven yeeres in his tombe, that
he might be acquainted with it a-
gainst his bones came to lye in it.

Some Philosophers have beene
so wrapt in this Contemplation of
death and immortality, that they
discourse so familiarly and plea-
singly

singly of it, as if a faire death were to bee preferred before a pleasant life.

This is well for Natures part; and Moralists think this is enough for their part to conceive so: But Christians must goe further, and search deeper: They must try where the power of death lyes. They shall finde that the power of every mans death lyes in his owne finnes.

That death never hurts a man, but with his owne weapon: It alwayes turnes upon us some sinne it findes in us. *The sting of death is sinne*: Plucke out the sting, death cannot hurt us. The way to dye well, is to dye often. Let a man often and seriously thinke of dying, then let him sinne if hee can, said *Picus Mirandula*. And herein is our happinesse; though wee live in sinne, yet we dye without sinne. Therefore to mee death is welcome, not as an end of troubles, but of sinne.

The



The second step.

THe second Step to dying well, is to dye daily.

Morior ne moriar, I dye daily, saith S. Paul. Singulos dies, singulas vitas puta; qui enim omnes dies tanquam vitam ordinat, crastinum nec optat, nec timet.

The old saying is a good one, Doe that every day, which thou wouldest doe the same day that thou dyest. *Bonum est consumere vitam ante mortem:* But most men *de vita exeunt, antequam de morte cogitant.* Let be done willingly what we must doe necessarily, and what wee can doe but once, let that bee done well: Yeeld that readily as a gift, which you must pay as a debt at last. Did men think that death were only an end of life, and no more: every man for his owne ends would bee a disturber

disturber of the worlds peace while he lived, and make his owne peace but just when he dyed.

Hee that dyes daily, seldome dyes dejectedly : *facile contemnit mortem, qui se quotidie moriturum putat* : likewise, hee that will live when hee dyes, must dye while hee lives. For if hee dye not to sinne while he lives, his sinne will live in him when he is dead.

The widow that lives in pleasure (saide Saint Paul) is dead while shee lives. Live holily, and you shall dye happily : Live as though there were no Gospell, but dye as though there were no Law. *Studetis talem esse in vita, qualem velis reperiri in morte.*



*Two sorts of Death whereto
every man living is
Subject.*

A Living man is subject to a double death: The one naturall, the other spirituall. Naturall Death doth but separate the body from the soule: But spirituall Death separates the soule from God. Of all other, it is the most desperate state of life to live naturally, and to bee dead spiritually: *Thou hast a name to live, but thou art dead,* said Saint *John* of the Church of *Sardis*. But of the Prodigall child returned from his evill wayes, it is said, *This my sonne was dead, but is now alive.*

In *Sardis* there grew an herbe called *Appium Sardis*, that would make a man lye laughing when he was deadly sicke: Such is the operation of Sinne. Beware therefore
G of

of this *Risus Sardonicus*.

Wee count it a fearefull thing for a man to bee author of his owne death, but a sinfull life slayes the soule, and so while we live, wee kill or lose our better life. The Commandement that sayes, *Thou shalt not kill*, specially forbids the murthering of our owne soules.

Certainly that which deprives us of our better life, makes of all other the worst death.

It is therefore holy wisdom for a man to let his sinnes dye before him. *Moriantur ante te vitia*, They actually, thou virtually: that so when thou art to dye indeed, thou have nothing else to doe, but dye.

Mortem horres amaram, subitam, turbulentam : vis placidam, piam, quietam ? in tua est potestate, qualem vis, efficere.

If Riches, Honours, Pleasures, have taken thee, leave them ere they leave thee; and say unto them,

as Job said to his friends, *Miserable comforters are you all.*

Turba ejicitur, ut puella excitetur, saith S. Marke. Thy Soule lyes as that Damosell in trances of death, while shee is in the chambers of pleasure, and is not raised to life; *Antequam turba curarum & deliciarum mundanarum ejicitur.*

There is nothing wherein wisdom is more seene than in the temperate use of pleasures and prosperity (which are but false notes of truth) nor is there a truer argument of folly than vainnesse and excesse.

Oculi stultorum semper in finibus terre, but traile not after them.

Sufficit diei dolor sui : A dayes sicknesse will make us sensible of lifes grieve; yet if life doe delight thee (because Ironies doe deny strongest in affirming) *utere & frue.* But take my counsell, keepe life in exercise of some calling. For you shall find that exercise is no more wholesome for the body

than the soule ; wherefore to see well borne men to despise honest callings, as now adayes they doe, is a pride without wit. And though pride and idlenesse have at this day banished thrifty diligence out of great mens houses, yet wee see gallant *Absalom* was a great Sheep-master ; *Uzziah* the potent king of Judah had not beene so great a King, had he not beene so great a husband : Good examples to teach us, That the fortunes of great men, and the bravery of Courtiers, must be built upon the grounds of Frugality : Frugality and Humility are thriving vertues: Were a calling but to keepe a man from Idlenesse, it were a goodnesse: for the industrious man is seldome at leisure to sinne ; whereas the idle man hath neither leisure nor power to avoyd sinne. Industry in any calling makes a man capable of better imployment, whereas Idles are fit for nothing but temptations.

Time

Time spent in hollow visits, *id est*, Courtings, Fantasticke dressings, Lawlesse disports, all turne to losse.

But however thou entertainest life, use it as a traveller doth his Inne, for a night, and away: *Heri appulisti, Cras decedes*: And in thy Journey follow not the common tracke, *Nam ad Deum faciens iter per trita si itur, longius abitur*: But doe as a doubtfull Pilgrime, aske questions of every one you meet, to set you on your way, lest, as Saint Paul saith, *A promise being made us of entring into rest, we come short of it*. Herein bee as great a questionist, as were those religious Ladies of Rome, who never let Saint Hierome rest for questions, which was the readiest way to heaven. Some mens Questions are instructions, and are meant to teach rather than to learne. Yet in any case bee none of those Querists, who must have a reason for every thing in Religion, who thinke to

come to God by cunning, and by reason, not by Faith. As if none but good wits could ever come to God. But this is true, Humane reason well improved makes us the more capable of Divine. Therefore it is an ignorant conceit, that skill should make men *Atheous*, when wee finde it in the Gospell, that no men were so apt to see the Starre of Christ, as those wise men the Disciples of Philosophy.

Bedying daily, and you shall soone come to God. If a man would compare the forenoone of his age with the afternoone, and observe how long the one is, and how short the other is, every man would bedying daily, and loth to lose a day.

Palmares posuisti dies meos, the longest liver hath but a handfull of dayes, and life it selfe like a circle alwayes begins where it ends.

Erat, quando non erat ; sed erit.

Time

Time was, when man was not: but how late a beginning soever man had, yet after death hee shall bee sure never to see end.

With the Ancient of dayes there are no dayes: And the time shall be, when time shall bee no more.
Supra est quod superest.



Two common errors.

THere are two common errors which deceive most men:

First, that a man enters not into eternall life till hee dyes: whereas his calling here begins his life eternall.

This day is salvation come into thy house, said Christ to *Zacheus*, when hee called him from the Tree.

Faith prevents time, and makes things future, present.

A pious man so lives here, as if

his conversation were in heaven, carrying himselfe not only honestly, civilly, and humanely ; but beyond naturall comportment : his present life seemes superhumane, divine, and spirituall ; and so by leading a life heavenly, begins heaven here. *Blessed is he, saith Saint Paul, that hath his part in the first Resurrection, for the second death shall have no power over him.*

The second error is, however a man lives, yet if at last he seeme to dye well, then all is well, and his soule is sure to be saved : this is a bold and a dangerous conceit ; for though Misery bee the object of Mercy, and Hope the miserable mans god ; yet humane life as it hath not a greater friend, so many times not a greater foe than Hope. *Dilatio boni habet rationem mali ;* suspended hope is but a sad comfort.

Yet many would dye, did not hope sustaine them : but more have dyed flattered with vaine hope.

Not

Not everyone that saith, *Lord, Lord,* shall enter into the Kingdome of heaven. Enter into the first degree of life eternall here, or thou must dye eternally, with *Lord have mercy upon us* in thy mouth.

Wherefore I desire to have my part here in the first Resurrection, which is from sin to Grace : that so I may enjoy the second Resurrection, which is from dust to Glory.

Thou hast brought mee, saith David, out of the dust of Death.



To dye by little and little, the third step.

THe third step to dying well, is to dye by little and little. Naturally wee are every day dying by degrees : the faculties of our minds, the strength of our bodies, our common senses are every day decaying, *paulatim*, by little

and little : every sinne is more than a disease, and a wicked life makes a continuall Death. *Impiè vivere est diu mori* ; Therefore saith the good man, *Toto die mortificamur.*

He that useth this course every day to dye by little and little, to him let Death come when it will, it can neither bee terrible nor sudden.

If we keepe a Courser to runne a Race, wee leade him daily ore the place to acquaint him by degrees with all things in the way, that when hee comes upon his speed, hee doe not start or turne aside for any thing he sees. So let us inure our soules, and then *wee shall runne with boldnesse the race that is set before us.*

To dye by little and little, is first to mortifie our lesser finnes, and not to say with Lot, *I' st not a little one ?*

We may not wash our hands of crying, and from bloody sins, and hug

hug in our bosomes beloved, and Herodian finnes, finnes of higher tincture: *Hoc est tolerare, non tollere peccata.* Saint *Austine* sayes finely, *Delicta dilecta sunt relinquenda:* Men commonly discard those sins they can best spare, but retain those they love best, and by changing them into better Termes, would turne them from being finnes, as Pride, that discontented sin, must be counted State; Vanity, Civility; Dissimulation, Courtship; Anger, Courage; Wantonising, a trick of youth; Swearing, *Genus quoddam sermonis, non peccati;* but take heed, specially of these finnes, that make a vertue a sinne, and sinne to seeme a vertue.

Multa enim vitia se virtutes esse mentiuntur. A man, saith *Plato*, may doe ill, but to disguise it, or defend it, is to outface Truth. Sinnes property is to worke upon some vice, but to bee proud in that you are not proud, is a Phoenix pride. So to be drunke for company

pany is a sinne worse than sinne, for other finnes move shame, but hide it; this displayes it. Therefore forced healths at great feasts is a barbarous fashion: At *Assuetum* feast every mans rule was his owne choyce, and the civility of very Pagans commanded liberty of their cups.

It is hard to commit a single sin, yet of finners if either party bee wise, both may escape.

They cannot want retentives from sin, that live either amongst friends or enemies, for friends may not be grieved, enemies may not be provoked.

Be wise therefore in good-fellowship, no man is so wicked as to be addicted to all kind of vices, for betwixt some vices there is an Antipathy, nor is any man so lewd as not to bee sometimes in good moods, and dislike some finnes: the world were not to live in, if all finnes were affected by all men: But certainly great finnes

finnes will never bee conquered, if little sins be cherished : formall penitents will easily part with so much of their sinne as may abate nothing of their profit.

There bee also a sort of little deaths, as sicknesse of body, losse of friends, and the like. Use these in their kinde, and you may make them kindly helpes to dying well.

Modest beginnings have hopefull proceedings, and happy endings ; proceed therefore by degrees : the Prophet *David* went, *suspensio gradu*, step by step, and so compassed Gods *Altar*, God himselve made nothing absolute at first. This great God loves to have degrees kept.

Degreeingly to grow to greatness is the course of the world. Wherefore they say in Court, He is out of the danger of folly, whom a ipeedy advancement leaves wise.

Omnis mutatio est quædam mortis imitatio. Let a man goe out as he came

came into the world, which was, first by a life of *Vegetation*, then of *Sense*, afterwards of *Reason*.

David prescribes us this order, when he sayes, *Doce me & duce me, Domine*. He will not runne, till he be taught to goe.

Teach me to doe thy will, and leade me, O Lord, into the land.

What land is that? There is *terra quam terimus*; land on earth, which by labour yeelds us all pleasure: that's not it.

There is *terra quam gerimus*, refined earth, beautified bodies which we beare about us, nor is this it.

There is *terra quam querimus*; the glorious land of Promise, that's the land we seeke. Into this land, *Duce me, Domine*.

For



For the manner of dying.

Amongst men it is a matter of chiefe marke, the manner of a mans death : *Summum hominis bonum, bonus ex hac vita exitus.*

Before you dye set your house in order : Hee that hath not a house yet hath a soule : no soule can want affaires to set in order, for this finall dissolution.

The chiefe grace of the Theater is the last Sceane. It is the Evening that crownes the day, and wee thinke it no good signe of a faire morrow, when the Sunne sets in a Cloud : *Finis coronat opus.* Yet I perswade my selfe, that night cannot but bee happy, whose day hath beene holy.

David in a deepe contemplation upon the manner of mans dying, ingeminates the word, saying, *Domine, Domine, exitus Mortis,*

The

The issues of death belong to thee.

Live religiously, and thou shalt dye comfortably.

All men, as men, dye naturally ; as Christians should dye religiously. The good man can equally live, or dye ; for he knowes if hee live, God will protect him ; if he dye, God will receive him.

Bee faithfull unto death, and I will give thee a Crowne of life, saith Christ.

Most men with a short Death, because Death is alwayes accompanied with paine, *Morimur gementes* ; To lye but an houre under Death is tedious, but to be dying a whole day wee thinke beyond the strength of humane patience. Happy he that after due preparation, dyes ere he be aware ; So is hee happy that by long sicknesse sees Death farre off ; for the one dyes like *Elias*, the other like *Elisha*, both blessedly.

The

The best posture to bee found in when Death comes, is in the exercise of our calling, *Presse*, saith Saint *Paul*, towards the marke, for the prize of the high calling.

When thou art heavy unto Death, then shew a lively Faith; for at that time a stupid patience is worse than passion.

When thou art speechlesse, use that *Silentium loquens*, Teares from thy heart. *Tacuit Petrus, sed flevit*, and it was counted to him for eloquence; *Nam affectum prodidit*: A teare is but a condensed pearle, a pearle but a dissolved teare: At this time turne words into teares, and they will turne pearles. Hee that made the mouth is not taken with words.

A broken and a contrite heart, O Lord, thou wilt not despise.

When thou art dying, lye sorrowing for thy sinnes, yet not despairing;

spairing; for there is joy in griefe, where the sorrow is for finnes. *I am the man*, saith *Jeremy*, that have seene sorrowes: But this *Dolor peccati* makes *gaudium doloris*. There is more joy in heaven for one sinner that repenteth, then, &c.

Before thou dyest vow thy soule to God, *nam qui iurēt ut vo-
ueas, iuvāt ut reddas*. Offer sacrifice upon the Altar of thy heart: If thou hast not a Lambe, that is, meeknesse; or a Bullocke, that is, bountifulnesse; yet a Pygeon, that is, well-wishing; or a paire of Turtles, that is, *Gemitus*; a sound of sorrow that thou hast no better. As God loves not empty hands, so hee measures fulnesse by the affection.

Those that have most studied men and stories, doe observe that the greatest men, and best wits, when once they come to finde their owne mortality, doe then with strongest resolution quit the world, apply wholly to devotion,
and

and so end their dayes with most quietude in peace.

A good man by his good will would dye praying, and doe as the pilgrim doth, goe on in his way singing, and so addes the paine of singing, to that of going; Yet by this surplus of paine, unwearies himselfe of paine.

But some wretches thinke God rather curious, than they faulty, if a few sighes, with a [Lord have mercy upon us] be not enough at the last gaspe.

Weaknesse must not argue, but yeeld; God hath said it, and they shall finde it.

Not every one that saith, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdome of heaven, but he that doth the will of my Father which is in heaven.

Commonly good men are best at last, even when they are dying; for they seldome dye of a sinne-sicknesse.

The sicknesse of the soule hath this advantage of the bodies sicknesse:

ness. It never languishes under the Physicians hand: when it seemes at worst, then it is best : no sooner saith *David*, I am sicke ; but *Nathan* tels him, Thou art well ; no sooner sayes, *I have sinned*, and must dye, but the Prophet tels him, *The Lord hath put away thy sinne, thou shalt not dye*. Thus doth repentance make pardon coetaneous with the fault.

But it is just with God that they who live without repentance, should dye without comfort. Woe is him whose bed is made in hell.

There is no spectacle in the world so profitable, or more terrible, than to behold a dying man, to stand by, and see a man dismaned. Curiously didst thou make man *in the lowest part of the earth*, saith *David* : but to see those elements, which compounded, made the body, to see them divided, and the man dissolved, is a rufull sight. So dependent is the life of man,
that

that it cannot want one element ; fire and ayre, these flye upward ; water and earth, these sink downward ; so living man becomes a dead carcasse. *The breath of man goeth out, he turnes againe to earth, and then all his thoughts perish.* And what is man but for his thoughts ?

Every dying man carries heaven and earth wrapt up in his bosome, and at this time each part returns homeward.

Seneca thought a man might chuse his owne death, which was some ease to him. *Quemadmodum navim eligam navigaturus, & domum habitaturus : Ita mortem utique quâ sum exiturus è vitâ.* But better saith another, *Stultè hæc cogitantur : vitam aliis approbare quisquam debet, mortem verò sibi.*

But since it is so great a matter to dye, so necessary to dye well, so dangerous to dye ill, let your life be an acting of death. That life is well adventured, where it is a gain to lose it.

Certainly

Certainly death hath great dependency on the course of mans life, and life it selfe is as fraile as the body which it animates.

Augustus Cesar Bonam mortem putabat celerem, & insperatam, quæ nullâ egritudine pulsârat fore : so often-as hee heard of a man that had a quicke passage, with little sense of paine, he wished for himselfe that *Euthanasie* : While he lived he used to set himselfe between his two friends, *Suspiria & Lachrymæ* ; when hee dyed he called for his looking-glasse, commanded to have his haire and beard kembered, *Et Mulas labentes corrigi*, his riveled cheekes smoothed up : Then asking his friends if hee had acted his part well, *Cùm ita responderint, vos omnes igitur inquit plaudite.*

Alexander the Great did aske the Indian Philosopher how long a man should live; saith he, *Until he thinke it better to dye than live* : but *Saint Paul* is our best patterne, who

who being weary of the world, desiring to bee dissolved, cryed out (*voce tamen desiderantis, non desuperantis*) O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver mee from this body of death!

There be many that chuse rather to dye quickly, than to live long sickly, *Vitam desiderant non longam, sed latam*, yet better were it for them, *aliquando egrotare*, than *continuè valere*. For *vitiosa sanitas*, will make them thanke Nature, and forget God.

Some on the other side will invite death to doe them the kinde-nesse to take them soone out of the world, counting a short death the happiest passage of a mans life. If life come once to be a displeasure, then death comes to doe us a pleasure, and for this (saith *Tully*) a man is most beholding to Nature. *Quòd unum introitum ad vitam dedit, exitus verò multos. Sed non sic itur ad astra*. Christians know better wayes, as how to live in
grace,

grace, that they may dye in peace.
In pace ad pacem : and to whom
this grace is given, for them glory
is reserved.

O faith a good man, how safe is
the condition of Gods children,
whom very paine easeth, death re-
vives, sinne glorifies.

Yet there is not the strongest
body, nor holiest Saint on earth,
but at point of death, is subject to
some trepidations and quakes of
feare. For the soule which comes
into the body without any sensi-
ble pleasure, goes not out of the
body without the sense of paine.
And it troubles many a good
soule to see men of the best lives,
to have distempered and perplexed
ends; Some raving, some despai-
ring, some dying suddenly, and
seldome any have so bitter
draughts, as those whom God
loves best.

Naturall



Naturall distempers.

IT is fit therefore to take notice of the naturall causes. Despaire indying, may as well arise from weaknesse of nature, as from trouble of minde : but by neither of these can hee bee prejudiced that hath lived well.

Marke the righteous, and behold the perfect, for the end of that man is peace : His body may bee sicke, but his minde is sound, for God maketh all his bed in his sicknesse, and in the instant of a sharpe separation his Soule finds it selfe happy, for he knowes, *Si durius seponitur, melius reponitur*, though it be put off painfully, yet is it laid up joyfully.

Raving, and other strange passions, are many times rather the effect of the disease, than moving

H

from

from the mind. For upon deaths approaches, choler fuming to the braine will cause distempers in the most patient soule. In these cases the fairest and truest judgement to be made, is, that finnes of sicknesse, occasioned by violence of disease in a patient man, are but finnes of infirmity, and not to be taken as ill signes or presages; *Filius tantarum lacrymarum*, cannot but be saved, said the good Matron, when she saw her sonne at worst: I will not despaire in respect of that mans impatient dying, whom the worrne of conscience had not devoured living.

Seldome any enter into glory with ease: Yet the Jewes say of *Moses*, his soule was sucked out of his mouth with a kisse: some have their passion in death, that is bitter, because it is inward; some before death, that is better, because it is outward.

David in this case, the better to
make

make his way, prayed and cryed,
*Lord, spare me a little, O spare mee
 that I may recover strength before I
 goe hence and be no more.*

Indeed to *Ezechias* some yeeres
 of dayes were lent, but wee are not
 worthy of that favour; we must not
 expect that God will bring backe
 the shadow of degrees when once
 it is gone downe in the dyall of
Abaz; wee must time it as wee
 may, and be content to live and dye
 at uncertainties.

Therefore as a sicke man hear-
 kens to the clocke, so let us watch
 death. For sudden comming of
 death, finding a weake soule un-
 prepared, makes it desperate, and
 leaves it miserable.



*What death is to be accounted
sudden.*

Sudden death of it selfe is not therefore evill, because it is sudden, but because it may take us away suddenly, our soules unprepared. The good man never dyes unprepared, because his perseverance in goodnesse, is a providence against sudden death.

To a man well prepared, sudden death is but a quicker passage, and is not to bee accounted a sudden death, but a sudden departure, because it came not unlookt for.

Though the righteous bee prevented by Death (saith the Booke of Wisedome) yet shall he bee at rest, because hee hath made his peace beforehand. His departure is no misery, for his hope is full of eternity. *Ezechiel the Prophet* (so often stiled *Sonne of man*) to him

him God sayes, *I take away frtm thee the delight of thine eyes, (which was his wife) with a stroke suddenly, and yet thou shalt not weepe.*

Let not present pleasures of life allure, nor cares thereof possesse thee, then cannot sudden death surprise thee.

Improvisa nulli Mors, cui provida Vita; But if a man doe not prepare to dye, hee may live seven yeeres in a consumption, and yet dye a sudden death. For any time is sudden to him that is unprepared.

They take their marke amisse who judge a man by his outward behaviour in his death. If you know the goodnesse of a mans life, mis-judge him not by any strangenesse of his death.

Though other men can best judge of our actions, yet a mans heart can best judge of himselfe. When a man comes to be judged; his life, and not the manner of his death, shall give the evidence with,

or against him. Many that live wickedly, would seeme to dye holily ; more for feare to be damned in the opinion of people, than for any love to goodnesse. To these men there is *malum triplex, quod manet in septima*. Which is *Horror in exitu, Dolor in transitu, Pudor in conspectu Dei*. If my life please God, I am sure my death shall pleasure mee : Christ never leaves any of his at parting. *Elisha* would not leave *Elijah*, though he put him off twice, because hee knew there was a blessing to come when they parted. It is a great happinesse to dye in ease. That mans end is easie, whom death finds with a weake body and a strong soule. *Quis tam facile, quando vult, dormit*, as he that laies down his life in peace ? The ayre is commonly calmest at noone.

Aristotle gives the reason ; *Quia tunc vincit aut vincitur* : So is it with the soule of man at the point of death.

Yet

Yet a good man doth not alwayes dye in exercise of his goodnesse, but as a wise man when hee sleepest, leeseeth not his knowledge, no more doth a good man his graces, though he dye in distemper; for habitudes of goodnesse do not then leave him, though they cannot then do their office for him.

But the vulgar opinion, if a man dye quietly, and goe away like a lambe (which in consumptions and dull diseases, most men do) then sure he goes to heaven; but if he be distempered, and of franticke behaviour (which happens to many through extreme inflammations) then sure hee goes to hell; This is a judgement from Nature, and not of Religion, and in this case trust not naturall judgement, for it is arted with subtilties of Physicke: Man workes by likely meanes, God many times by contraries.

Hee that can shut his eyes every

H 4

night

night with a quiet conscience, shal meet with least disturbances when death shall close his eyes at last; nor will he care who shuts up his earthen eyes, when death it selfe opens his soules eyes. Then shall we see more with these shut eyes, than ever we could doe open eyed: Saint *Paul* was therefore stricken blind, that the eyes of his spirit might be opened.

Serenity, joy, and peace in a dying man, is a hopefull behaviour: Yet we see the cleare starres that are so delightfull to behold, bring forth their Rayes by sparkelings, and dartings, as though they were delivered of their light by travell and hard assayes: So good men in their death have great variety of accidents, many languors, many agonies, many iterated endeavours, travelling of Death as in a Child-birth, sorrowes, torments, paines being then deaths Agents; But if the passages of the soule lye open to God without interpo-

interposition of worldly cares, then it peaceably makes egressse with a sweetnesse, and that without disturbance.

Naturaall causes will have their operations; but it is the God of Nature that commands them, it is his property sometimes to worke supernaturally by nature. Dispute not with God; give Nature leave to cavill, and we cannot be good Christians.

But trust to this, Belceve aright, and live as you beleeve, and you cannot but dye in safety. If you would end life quietly, render it up willingly.

Let no contentments of the world, so fix you to the world, as to desire longer life; Prolongation is no pleasure, but so long as it goes well with us, *Sapè in hoc esse, Benè, non diu*. Shortnesse of life is no unhappinesse, *Citiùs mori vel tardiùs, ad rem non spectat; benè mori aut malè, ad rem spectat*.

The booke of wisdom faith, He

was soone taken away, lest it should alter his understanding, or deceit beguile his soule.

In principio mundi, cum homines viverent in maiori simplicitate, Deus dedit eis longam vitam; postquam crescebat hominis malitia & temporis abusus, tunc abbreviavit Deus eorum dies.

Had present Death beene evill, or long life good, Cain had beene flaine, and Abel had survived; but death commonly beginnes first, where God loves best: His soule, saith the sonne of Syrach, pleased God; therefore hastened hee to take him away.

Seldome is excellency in any kinde long lived; wee see the best men live not longest: and indeed it were injurious to wish that goodnesse should hinder any one from happinesse.

The best cannot bee happy but by dissolution, their dying being but a change, going from evill to good; hopes putting in them such

a new life, as they care not to change the old.

The lives of all creatures else are lost to us, ours but changed to God.

If the wicked man live long, it is but to aggravate his judgement; if hee dye soone, it is but to hasten it.

One man seemes to dye casually, another violently; both by destiny, all men by decree.

Et quem dederat cursum natura, peregi, said the Poet; but the Divine tels us, that *vite presentis finem talem esse decet, quale futura est principium*: Nor is the place materiall where we dye, so we dye well.

Moses dyed upon one hill, *Aaron* upon another hill, but both where they might see the land of promise; *Felix cunctus*.

Be as ready to dye as *Moses* was, when there was no more betweene God and him, but, *Moses*, goe up and dye. With such a sociable

sociable compellation are good men invited unto death, as to a feast.

*Nec mihi Mors gravis est
posituro morte labores.
— Mors mihi merces erit.*

All motions tend to rest.

*Returne then to thy Rest, O my
Soule, for God hath dealt bountifully
with thee.*



Assurance of life after death.

FOR reall assurance both to our bodies and our soules, there are three bodily Inhabitants already gone to heaven.

Enoch before the Law, *Eliab* under the Law, *Christ* under the Gospell; yet for further assurance, *Ipse dixit*, *Christ* himselfe hath said it, *Because I live, yee shall live also.*

also. *I am the Resurrection and the Life. Qui credit in me, etiam si mortuus fuerit, vivet.* Although my flesh be eaten with wormes, these wormes turned to dust, blowne through the earth, yet after thou hast turned all to destruction, againe thou saist, *Come againe yee children of men.*

Hitherto shalt thou come, said *Job*, but no further : here shall thy proud waves be stayed : *Mors usque ad corpus solum pertinet, ultra non progreditur* : It stands not with Divinity, nor is it consonant to Reason, that man, for whom all things spring, should not have his spring and rise againe. I know whom I have trusted, saith Saint *Paul*, and I am assured he is able to keepe that which I have committed unto him against that day. *And they shall be mine*, saith God by the Prophet *Malachi*, *in that day when I make up my Jewels.*

Resurgam, said good Bishop King; *It is now time to awake, for*

now

now is our salvation neerer than when we beleeved : nor will I feare how this body of mine shall appeare another day. For I am promised by him that will performe, it shall not be found naked, but this covering of the flesh being cast off, it shall be clothed with glory, as with another garment. The children of the Resurrection dye no more, for they are equall to the Angels.

The word of assurance is, *Redemptor meus, My Father and your father*, saith the Gospell: there is great divinity in these pronounes, *Meum & tuum*, they are words of assurance to mens soules, though in mens states they are the ground of all Controversies. *I know that my Redeemer lives*, but I doe not therefore know this, because I will know it; For the will cannot invade the understanding. How then doe I know it? not by opinion, but by faith; *Fides non creditur, sed cernitur*, things are not so, because wee are perswaded they

they are so; but because they bee so, therefore we are so perswaded. The woman with child, knowes shee is so, when she feeles it stirre lively: So the Spirit of God assures our spirit, when we lively feele his Spirit in us.

Holy Job saith, Though after the skinne wormes destroy the body, yet in my flesh I shall see God for my selfe, and mine owne eyes shall behold him, and not anothers.

Which numerall Identity gives certainty, that this soule of mine impersonated anew, and so inanimating my body againe, shall give a new being, and a better being unto both.

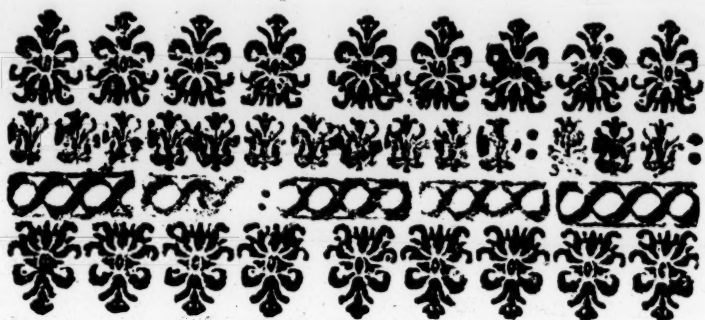
That soule, the lost pearle, which to finde, a man would have given all hee had, shall there bee found ingraven in a body of gold, whereas here it was poorely set in clay.

It doth not yet appeare what we shall be, but wee know that when Christ shall appeare, wee shall be
like

like him, for we shall see him as hee is, saith Saint *John*. Come then yee blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdome prepared for you; and feare not, little flocke, for it is your Fathers pleasure to give you the kingdome.

A man, saith *Chrysostome*, would dwell in this Contemplation, and be loth to come out of it. Nay, saith Saint *Austine*, A man might Age himsefse in it, and sooner grow old, than weary.

The



The fourth generall Division.

IIII.

What our last thoughts should be.



Ltimum optimum :
Dying words are weightiest, and make deepest impressions: yet our last thoughts are readiest to spend themselves upon somewhat that we loved best while we lived. *Jezabel* at last was more taken up with seeming faire, than being happy.

Et tunc quoque versus ad illam,
because

because shee loved her face more than her soule.

The soule it selfe, when it is entering into glory, breathes divine things : At this time a good mans tongue is in his breast, not in his mouth, his words are then so pithy and so pectorall.

Anatomists doe say, there are strings in a mans tongue, which goe to his heart ; when these breake, man speakes his heart : *Utinam saperent & intelligerent, & novissima providerent*, said *Moses*, when hee was dying : Christs last words in the Bible are, *Surely I come quickly*. Our answer is, Amen. Even so come Lord Jesus, &c.

As in greatest extremities good Physicians leave drugges, and minister onely Cordials : so deale by thy soule when death approaches ; Lay thee downe and sleepe in peace, cast away all worldly cares, entertaine onely thoughts that will animate thy
weake

weake body, and refresh thy thirstie soule, as did that *dem of Hermon* falling upon the *Hill of Sion.*

Man, saith *Jeremy*, puts his mouth at last to the dust, if so bee there may be hope. But rely not longer on the Physician: Earthly meanes were for use, they are not for confidence. God cannot bee God, if Nature limit him.

All the while I lived, said a good man, I was going on my journey, *In via*, but not *in patria*; but now that I am dying, I finde my selfe neere home, I am come to mount *Sion*; I will not therefore sit downe on this side *Jordan*, but hasten to the heavenly *Jerusalem*; whither when I come, I shall there see my God face to face, heare my Saviour say, *Euge bone serve,* *It is my Fathers will to give thee a Kingdome.*

Is it not enough that my Saviour is gone up to prepare a place for mee, but will hee give mee

mee a Kingdome, and shall not I be glad when God shall come and fetch mee, to enthrone mee in this Kingdome? *Ans: If Christ bee gone up to prepare a place for mee, Lord let me be prepared for that place. Now me thinks I heare my soule say, Cur non accedis, Domine? Quid meraris?*

I have too long dwelt in this Sepulchre of earth, *Vae mihi, quia prolongatus est incolatus meus in terra*, woe is mee that I still remaine in Mesech, and dwell in the tents of Kedar: It is enough Lord, as *Elias* said in the wildernesse; Take now away my life, for I am no better than my fathers were. My soule thirsteth for thee: when shall I come and appeare before thee? Nay, my soule is now grown so high minded, that shee saith, *Major sum, & ad maiora genitus, quam ut mancipium sim huius corporis*: Man is not quiet till he be more than man: let his condition here civilly be what it will, it will

will not content him. Bare Philosophy made such impression in *Socrates*, That in carcere damnatus egit cum discipulis de corpore, tanquam de alio ergastulo, counting the body to bee a worse prison to the soule, than that prison was to him.

Plato when hee saw one over-indulgent to his bodie by high feeding it, asked what hee meant to make his prison so strong? When you pamper the flesh, you doe but victuall the enemy.

The body at best is but the living Coffin of the soule, as the grave is the dead Coffin of the body.

Thus doth Divine Contemplation make us high in thoughts, rich in expectation; Therefore it is but duty in man to know the dignitie of his Soule, which is so heavenly ambitious, as it will not let heaven alone, till it may see, as it is seene.

Gravata est anima mea, my body

dy is a burthen to my soule, It hath had honour enough to have beene so long companion with it: wherefore now, as Saint *Hierome* saith, *Egredere anima, egredere.*

What dost thou longer here on earth, O thou my heaven-borne Soule ?

The Hermit sitting on his turfe, said to his soule, *Sexaginta annos servivisti Deo, & nunc mori times ?* Goe out of this Arke of flesh, O my soule, for I now smell the favour of rest. *Celeritas nunc in desiderio mora est.* As Christ said to his Disciples, *Surgite, eamus hinc :* So say to thy Soule ; *Surge anima de mundo, eamus in caelum.*

Though my soule, as a Bird, for necessity sake hath beene faine to stay a while here upon earth, yet willingly would it be soaring in the skye ; But I finde that *Ista vita est mihi impedimento ad id, propter quod vivitur :* Specially when I heare my Saviour say, *Father, I will*

will that those whom thou hast given mee, be with mee where I am, that they may behold my Glory. Sybilla before Christ, and Plato since Christ doe both agree, that the union of mans soule with God, is that true felicity which all Philosophy aymes at. Therefore *Desiderio desideravi ergastuli huius egressum*, that I may see *facie ad faciem* him whom my soule loveth, and be, Lord, where thou enjoyest thy selfe, and glorified spirits enjoy thee.

Ostende mihi Patrem, & sufficit. Sutely saith Saint *Augustine* in his meditations, *Domine, creasti nos ob e, nusquam erit cor quietum donec pervenerit ad te.* Blessed are the dead which dye in the Lord, saith Saint *John*; yea, saith the Spirit, they rest from their labours, and their workes follow them. O thou Source of the Springs of Lebanon, my soule now thirsteth to be with thee; *Desiderio desideravi.*

Entertaine thy last houres with such like thoughts, *Et be tibi dabit*

bunt ad æternitatem iter, & in itinere sublevabunt. They will Angelize thy body, and Emparadise thy soule, before thou comdest into Heaven; yeeld a sweetnesse beyond the bitternesse of Death.

Certainely, a good Soule thus employing it selfe, *in istâ borâ*, will not leave the felicity it shall have in such an assured transmigration from death to life, for all the joyes that life past did ever render it.

Good Saint *Augustine*, in a high speculation, endeavouring to expresse this heavenly joy, was asked by a grave old man, Father *Augustine*, *Quid agis?* A man may as well draw in all the ayre in the world with a breath, as expresse to the life what thou art now about; not that there is want of words, but want in words to expresse it.

As griefes concealed, so joyes expressed grow greater; wherefore though this ineffable joy cannot bee exprest, *Quantus, vel qualis*

qualis sit, yet is it Res generosa conari alta, & mente maiora concipere, quàm quæ effici possunt.

Therefore this we may do, some way sample that, which no way wee can expresse : *In arduis voluisse sat est*, in some things good purposes supply actions.

Like as a Bird that hath beene long encaged, then chants it most merrily, when she gets loose into the open ayre.

Nititur in Sylvas queque redire suas :

Or as a sicke man, that hath wearily tossed and turned himselfe in his bed all the dull night long, is then comforted at the approach of the day breake, when the sunne-beames guild the morning :

Or as a prisoner that feeles his chaines heavy upon him, longs for releasement.

*Liberaque à ferris cura futura
velit:*

So will it bee with thy Soule,
when thou shalt heare thy Saviour
say, *I am thy salvation: Come unto
mee thou that art weary and heavy
laden, and I will refresh thee.*

*Pœnitentibus & petentibus per-
tinet Regnum Cœlorum:* To them
that are weary of this durance, and
sue for deliverance, belongeth the
kingdome of heaven.

Wherefore as a wearied travel-
ler that hath passed a long jour-
ney, though perhaps met with
some delights by the way, is then
gladdest when hee comes within
kenning of his Countrey;

*Natale solum dulcedine cunctos
ducit.*

Even so thy soule after many
yeeres pilgrimage in the wilder-
nesse of this wretched world, be-
ing

ing come with *Moses* to Mount Nebo, and beholding the pleasant land of Canaan from the top of Pisgah, will then laugh for joy, as doth the Horizon to see the Sunne comming as a Bridegroom out of his chamber.

Dilectus meus descendit ad hortum suum, ad areolam aromatum.

Of this joy thy dazeled eyes might have some glimps, while thou wast in health; but then it was, as the blind mans vision in the Gospell, to whose first sight men seemed to walke like trees; but in this thy new state thou shalt see clearely men and angels stand before the Lambes throne, and heare thy selfe invited to the Lambes Supper, where thou shalt bee brought into the Wine-cellar, and Love will bee the banner over thee. It is the best eloquence to speake to God in the same language hee speakes to us.

Come then, O Shunamite, stay
me with Flaggons, and comfort mee
with Apples, for I am sicke of love :
Kisse me with the kisses of thy mouth,
for thy love is better than wine; Shew
mee, O thou whom my soule loveth,
where thou feedest, where thou best
at noone.

Thus with Salomon in a Canticle, and with David in a Psalm, let be the Raptures of thy Soule, which as in a trance, shall bee caught up to heaven, as was Philip by the Spirit, or Ezechiel by the Angel.

And with an Heroicall alacrity tempered with a gracious humility, give up thy soule to God, and bid farewell to the world.

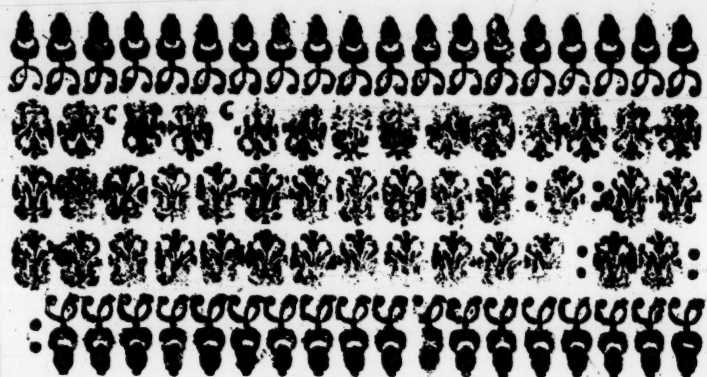
Sing with Deborah, O my soule, thou hast marched valiantly; and say with David, Return now my soule unto thy rest, for the Lord hath rewarded thee.

Dying S. Steven before his eyes were closed, had a faciall sight of his Saviour, *Videbat Deum per essentiam,*

*sentiam, looked stedfastly into heaven,
and saw the glory of God, and Jesus
standing at the right hand of God.
Old Simeon after he had seene his
Saviour, rejoyced then to say,
Lord, now lettest thou thy servant de-
part in peace, for mine eyes have seene
thy salvation.*

*Hoc videam, & moriar : Merior,
ut videam.*

The



THE RAPTURE OF THE SOVLE.



*Rapitur Anima, cum
coelestia contemplatur,
& contemplando jucun-
datur.*

This is a kinde of Arreption to
heaven ; when a man abstracts
himselſe from earth, and by Con-
templation growes into acquain-
tance with God, for then hee
ſeemes

seemes to converse with God,
and become *divinae particeps natura*, then hee sends foorth strong
emanations of Divine love. Those
affectiones extaticae are the signals,
Amaris liquidi: liquecit anima cum
devotione calecit. Such love suffers
not mee to be a lover of my selfe.
Et quid istos nisi Seraphins dicemus,
quorum cor conversum est in ig-
nem divini amoris? Let him kisse
me with the kisses of his mouth; so
begins that *Canticum canticorum*:
Et jucundum quidem eloquium, quod
ab osculo sumit principium. This
fruitivus Amor by Divine Rap-
ture unites mee to God; for in
Rapture a man seemes to walke
with God, as *Enoch* did; talke
with God, as *Moses* did; see God,
as *Stephen* did.

And because sight increases de-
light; Therefore Rapture would
faine ascend to vision, *Videre illa,*
non quae videntur, sed quae non viden-
tur.

But that's a priviledge for S. Paul; *Vidi dominum*, saith Jacob, *facie ad faciem*, & *salva facta est anima mea*. Holy Hierom sweares it : *Testor Deum*, post hebdomadarum jejunia visus sum mihi versari inter agmina angelorum, to have private conversation with quiers of Angels; *Raptus est supremus gradus contemplationis*, saith Saint Augustine, which raises in man towring thoughts, irradiates his soule with high apprehensions; and so elevates him to God, as it takes him out of himselfe, to live above himselfe. *Nescio in quam dulcedinem duces me, Domine*, said he in his Rapture.

The Soule being thus powerfully attracted by the inducements of so faire and Divine delights, Shee on her part corresponds, and with a willing assent glides after these attracts, and as a vapour exhal'd by the Sunne,

Sunne, shee goes out of her selfe, and would willingly draw the body with her, but that substance is too sad; wherefore shee quits it as not agill, nor sprightfull enough to soare so high; *O that my Soule had wings as a Dove, that I might flye, and be at rest, saith David.*

It is an admirable thing to consider that the eie of a man so weak, so tender a peece, should looke up every day to heaven, so wonderfull in height, and yet never be tyred by the way: by this I see that heavenly Contemplation, (which is the best Opticke) if it bee strong enough, and not overclog'd with earthy thoughts, is able to carry us with ease to heavenly extasie.

The will takes pleasure to perceive the understanding (which is the Soules King) taken into Rapture; and when the faculties

both of will and understanding doe intercommunicate their ravishments, then are wee sweetly brought into divine extasie.

Of this sacred extasie the Seraphicall Divines make three sorts ; one of understanding, a second of affection, a third of action.

Action is added, because a man is not to bee above himselfe in contemplation, and under himselfe in conversation. The first of the three is, in *splendore* ; the second, in *fervore* ; the third, in *labore* ; the one caused by admiration; the other by devotion, the last by operation.

In the scriptures, the Fathers, who were stiled Saints, had such a complacency, as they strove to act this as the way of a new life, sometimes before their death, in somuch as the votaries would say, *Never was a Saint, but had extasies,*

extasies, and ravishment of life before his death ; they laboured by a liquefaction of their soules into God, to insoule themselves in God, to put themselves out of the naturall comportment of the body, and so to live in Divine extasie without living in the body.

This made Saint *Paul* to say, *I knew a man in Christ fourteene yeeres agoe, whether in the body, or out of the body, I cannot tell.*

Some so lived, as it were doubted whether they were living men dead, or dead men living. Nay, some with fervency of spirit were transported into such extasie, that their soules being wholly conversant in Divine contemplation, they cared not to afford common assistance to nature, and so have dyed through exinanition and want of strength, conceiving there was no use of any creature to them, that enjoyed the Creator.

Thus did love performe the office of death ; *Love is as strong as death*, saith *Salomon* ; nay, with them it wrought more than death could doe: for death onely performeth by effect, that which love operateth by affection ; death did but separate their bodies from their soules; but love separated their soules from their bodies living.

In such a trance they report *Saint Basil* to say, *That Jacob, when hee had fast hold on God, let him goe for a blessing : but the Skunamite, My soule will not let thee goe so ; For she now seekes no more Benedictions of God, but to enjoy the God of Benedictions.*

S. Hierome to say; *O my Saviour, diddest thou dye of love for mee ? A love more dolorous than death, but to mee a death more lovely than love it selfe ! I cannot live, love thee, and be longer from thee.*

When

When *Severinus* the Indian Saint was recovering from dying, it is reported hee was heard to say, *O my God, doe not for pittie, so overjoy mee; if I must still live and have such consolations, take mee to heaven. For hee that hath once tasted this and thy sweetnesse, must necessarily live afterwards in bitternesse.*

This is the state of loves life in God, which giveth a super-humane being unto man, man being yet on earth.

This ardent love engrafting me into God by her uniting vertue, makes mee now to say, *Vivo ego, sed non ego, vivit verò in me Christus. My life is hid in Christ with God. And now me thinkes I see him face to face, Visione illa beatificâ, & jugiter revelatâ facie, Sponsa gloriam speculando, transformatur anima de claritate in claritatem: Audet & ipsa loqui,*

Tota

Tota pulchra es amica mea.

*Who is this that commeth from E-
dom, with red garments from Bozrah.
I now behold the day spring from on
high come to visit mee. Say then to the
North, Give ; and to the South, Re-
store ; And so come Lord Jesus, come
quickly.*

P

MORTIS



MORTIS EPILOGVS.

QUoniam mors me quotidie expectat, ego mortem quotidie expectabo.

But before thou goest hence, consider well these foure things:

- 1 Unde venis.
- 2 Quò vadis.
- 3 Quid es.
- 4 Quid eris.

Upon enquiry *undè venio*, I am told, *Peccatores peccatorem me in peccato genuerunt.*

Miseri

*Miseri miserum me in hanc lucis
miseriam induxerunt.*

*Conceptus culpa, Nasci miseria,
Vivere poena, mors angustia ; Et
quantò est vita mea longior, tantò est
culpa mea numerosior.*

This makes me thinke,

*Quorsum commodata est mihi vi-
ta humana ?*

For this onely,

Ad comparandam vitam cœlestem :

*Et hoc vult divina clementia,
Quòd vita mea sit brevior,
Ut labor meus sit levior.*

For



For my *Quò vado.*

IT is lifes *Posse, Vadere*, to fade
and decay.

Vado tels me, I am in *transitu*,
But it rejoyceth me to thinke,
Eo ad Patres.

And this hope comforts,
Sepelieris in etate bonâ.

Therefore *nec me tædet vivere, nec
timeo mori :*

*Mihi enim mors servit in solatium
vitæ,*

Vitam habeo in patientiâ,

Mortem verò in desiderio.

*Plangam ergo paulatim dolorem
meum,*

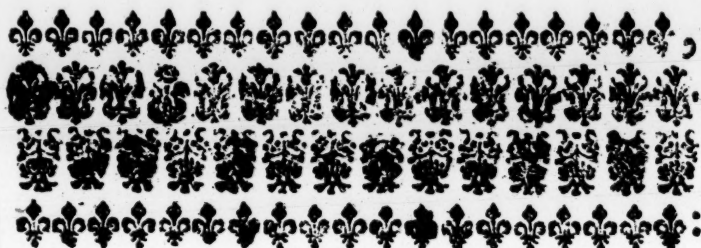
Et tunc

Oblitus exilii, ibo ad patriam :

Nam

*Mortuâ morte revertitur mihi
vita.*

To



To expresse, *Quid sum.*

Q *Vis fando explicare queat?*

Pulvis & Aer, this I know;

*Et in pulverem reverteris. This is
sure.*

*That homo is morbidum, putre,
cassum:*

*Et in non hominem vertitur omnis
homo.*

This

This every man findes.

Our mettallis, *de humore liqui-*
do,

And the mould no better, *In*
utero impuro.

Damnatus antequàm natus, that's
our condition.

Our best Stocke is, *Semen A-*
brahe ;

Dicens putredini ; Thou art my
Mother,

And to the Wormes, *You are*
my Brethren.

Here is our great kindred.

Our dwelling is, *Inter pulices*
& culices, amongst Flyes and
Fleas.

Our quality vile, our weight
lighter than vanity, our worth
nothing.

What then is our being?

Somnium & dolor.

If

If so,
Si natus sum plorans,
Si morior plangens,
Nolo ego vivere ridens :
Hoc tantum volo,
Animam me im ornare quæ Deo &
Angelis
Mox præsentanda est in cœlis.



Now for *Quideris*.

This also I know,

Quod sum, & me non esse scio.
Sed id esse & nosse desidero.
Nam videre Deum, vivere cum Deo,
Esse in Deo, & habere Deum,
Hoc est æterna securitas, & securæ æ-
ternitatis.

This may be admired, hardly understood :

Yet better understood, than can
be expressed.

Therefore to my soule I say not,
O Animula, Blandula, vagula : but,

*O Anima Dei insignita imagine,
Decorata similitudine,
Desponsata Fide,
Redempta Sanguine,
Dotata Spiritu,
Deputata cum Angelis,
Quid tibi cum Carne?*

But to contemplate,

*Quanta claritas, quanta suavitas,
quanta jucunditas maneat me in
illa visione, cum facie ad faciem
videbo Christum?*

FINIS.